

the INFINITE ONION

TEN

back to new beginnings !

MAYDAYNINETYFOUR



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- THE STUPENDOUS UPRISING OF THE ZAPATISTAS IN MEXICO • WHAT IS MONEY? • ALTERNATIVE NEWSBLERBS • HOW TO BUILD YOUR VERY OWN GUERILLA TV TRANSMITTER • INTERVIEW WITH PAUL-X • THE INCOMPATIBILITY OF CAPITALISM AND INFORMATION • SABOTAGE AND SCAMS • PUNK TRAVEL TIPS • IF TREES COULD SPEAK • SPENDING A WEEK WITHOUT SPEAKING • NO BORING BAND INTERVIEWS • OK ? •

[by boog highberger. This originally appeared in "The Gentle Anarchist" #15, Fall 1987]

WHAT IS MONEY???

by boog

Thinking about money in this society is like being a fish wondering about the nature of water. We build our lives around money, we live money, we breathe money, we swim in it like fish in the sea.

Millions of people spend (so to speak) 40 hours a week, 50 weeks a year doing nothing but playing with money—printing it, minting it, counting it, recounting it, taking it from here, sending it there, juggling it, smuggling it...sitting in offices in huge buildings making phone calls and shuffling bits of paper, adding & re-adding endless columns of numbers to make sure that they come out exactly the same...yeah, but...

What is MONEY?

"I don't know what money is today, and I don't think anybody at the Fed does either." Richard Pratt, Chairman of the Board of the Federal Home Loan Bank, 1982

Money is Inevitable

Money is not an accident. Neither was it the "invention" of some particularly progressive culture or clever individual. Money in various forms has arisen independently, in different ages and on every continent, wherever the local economy has evolved beyond the level of subsistence. Wherever there is surplus, trade inevitably follows, and primitive barter economies progress almost inevitably to money economies, as certain articles of recognized usefulness slowly come to symbolize wealth and are accepted at a fixed value. In an area where cattle are the common form of wealth, money is born when a cow comes to have the value of 1 cow, regardless of its size, weight, health, or other physical characteristics. From there the process of abstraction continues: cattle come [to] be represented by tokens bearing pictures of cattle, the tokens evolve into coins symbolizing value in general, and on down to our own day where value is symbolized by marks on paper and the magnetic configurations of silicon wafers. And the inevitability of money is clear even in the present day. Wherever national governments have attempted to impose worthless currencies as the means of exchange, black markets dealing in "hard" currencies have arisen. This phenomenon perhaps reached the peak of absurdity in the 1970s in Communist Laos, where the official money of the country was the "kip", but the only money accepted by the Laotian government was the US dollar.

* The Soviet Union is the only country in the world where counterfeiting is a capital offense (so to speak).

Money is Inequality

John Locke thought that money arose before society, and that by its use people have consented to class society:

"it is plain, that Men have agreed to disproportionate and unequal Possession of the Earth, they haying by a tacit and voluntary consent found out a way, how a man may fairly possess more land than he himself can use the product of, by receiving in exchange for the overplus, Gold and Silver, which may be hoarded up without injury to any one, these metals not spoiling or decaying in the hands of the possessor. This partage of things, in an inequality of private possessions, men have made practicable out of the bounds of Societie, and without compact, only by putting a value on gold and silver and tacitly agreeing in the use of Money [emphasis added]."

Georg Simmel, writing two hundred years later, was not nearly so naive about the nature of money and society. Simmel recognized that money is "entirely a social institution", and said that "When barter is replaced by money transactions, a third factor is introduced between the two parties: the community as a whole, which provides a real value corresponding to money." Those who become "rich" are those who manage to monopolize big chunks of the social wealth for their own ends. Far from being a tacit agreement, this is done despite the sometimes violent resistance of those whose share of the social wealth is being taken away.

The division of labor in society depends on a money economy. And so does capitalism. It's very hard to extract surplus value in a system based on barter exchange. The growth of the state has gone hand in hand with the growth of the money economy--the emerging nation-states imposed taxes payable only in money, replacing taxes payable in kind and driving more and more people into alienated labor and the money economy. Like S. Herbert Frankel says, "a trustworthy, disciplined monetary system is indispensable for the free unfolding of the extended division of labor on which the growth of world economies depends... A reliable standard in which long-term debts can be expressed is indispensable for the growth of capital."

So capitalists didn't invent money... but perhaps we can say that money invented capitalism. For once money has been born into the world it quickly begins to recreate the world in its own image.

* Chrematophobia: Fear of Money.

Money is Midas

Like King Midas, money turns everything it touches to gold, or at least into commodities that can be exchanged for gold. Unique living beings become standardized things.

"Trade is the reduction and quantification of the world to commodity equivalents, the leveller of quality, skill, and concrete labor to numerical units that can be measured by time and money, clocks and gold."

ABOLISH PAPER MONEY AND ELIMINATE MOST CRIME

Paper currency is the lifeblood of crime and corruption in the United States. Without paper money it would be virtually impossible for criminals and corrupt officials to profit from illegal activities. If all substantial transfers of money were recorded in bank transactions, nobody could conduct profitable illegal activities without creating highly visible permanent evidence of the illegal activities or of income tax evasion or both. With the chances of profit from illegal activities so slim, it is difficult to visualize large numbers of persons running the risks of imprisonment. Crime would be reduced dramatically to the point where today's police forces could effectively control it. Fortunately, technology has advanced to the point that today there is a substitute for paper money: a "payment card" system keyed to bank accounts.

Each person wishing to spend money other than coins, which would remain in circulation, would be required to have a bank account. The bank or federal government would issue to each depositor a U.S. payment card similar to plastic credit cards. In addition to the necessary codings, each card would contain the photograph and fingerprint of the depositor...Every business establishment, including taxicabs, would be equipped with a terminal in which the payment card could be inserted...(and) make a visual display of the charge so that the customer could see the exact amount being deducted from his bank account. . . In the event the customer did not have the amount in his account the terminal would so indicate...

Money Is Faith, Money is Power

Not as sed fides: not by iron but by faith. This inscription formerly found on Maltese coins sums up a very important truth about money: that the value of every kind of money, including metal money, rests on trust. Money cannot be enforced, and money is accepted only when people exchange it for a certain amount of real stuff at some point in the future.

This is perhaps an important point to remember in times of impending economic crises. In the face of short term economic upheaval, conservatives are correct to insist on accepting only gold and silver as "real" money, since they are relatively rare and can't be manufactured out of common materials by the government. But ultimately the value of gold and silver as money rests on faith and trust in the future, just like paper currency does. When the real crunch finally comes, it may be useful to remember that there are more calories in paper than in silver or gold.

And here we come to yet another of the paradoxes of money: while money depends on trust at the personal level, that trust ultimately depends on the power of the issuing authority. Our currency is backed not by the gold in Fort Knox but by the guns in Fort Knox. The value of money, whether gold or paper, ultimately rests on faith, and the value of the US dollar rests on the faith that the US domination of the world economy is backed by the US Army, Air Force, and Marines.

For several hundred years economists have recognized that our money has value "to the extent of our faith in a viable tomorrow." Thus it seems surprising that no economist has drawn a connection between the dawn of the nuclear era and the chronic inflation that has characterized the post-war economies of the industrial nations. Perhaps this can also help explain the willingness of both liberals and conservatives in this country to rack up huge federal deficits--what's so bad about stealing from tomorrow when there's not going to be a tomorrow?

MONEY Money, get away Get a good job with more pay and your O.K. Money it's a gas Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash New car, caviar, four star daydream, Think I'll buy me a football team

Money get back I'm all right Jack keep your hands off my stack Money it's a hit Don't give me that do goody bullshit I'm in the hi-fidelity first class travelling set And I think I need a Lear jet Money it's a crime Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie Money so they say is the root of all evil today But if you ask for a rise it's no surprise that they're giving none away

Money is Information

Money is information--the only problem is that it's not very much information. Money talks, but it doesn't say much. In the wonderful world of capitalism, everything--and everyone--has a price, and that price is the only information that matters in the marketplace. For the marketplace to work, reality has to be simplified and standardized. As our everyday life becomes more and more characterized by exchanges, by buying and selling, many of the facts and observations about the objects in our lives become irrelevant and are no longer valued. Commodities have no history. There are no tenses in the language of money--prices are always now.

Interest rates, stock prices, and commodity index futures all provide information about the economy and provide clues as to how to most efficiently organize society's resources. But as with prices, lots of information is lost in the translation of daily life into economic indicators. Countless facts about millions of people doing millions of different things get reduced to a few bits of data which are interpreted by economists like Chinese mystics prophesying from the pattern of I Ching sticks--all economics is voodoo economics. Through their interpretation of the magic signs, the best allocation of economic resources is determined--but best for who? Priests who prophesy against their masters usually don't have much job security...

This development is an inevitable consequence of the increasing abstraction of money. When money becomes intellectualized, intellectuals control money and the economy. And, as always, the intellectuals are controlled by the governments and corporations that sign their paychecks.

And thus the productive forces of a society are organized to maintain the existing power relations of that society. Simmel again: "Money is thus one of the great cultural elements whose function it is to assemble great forces at a single point and so to overcome the passive and active opposition...by this concentration of energies. We should think of the machine in this context."

Welcome to the machine...

Money Never Sleeps

The speed of electricity approaches that of the speed of light, and today the speed of money is the speed of electricity. Every day billions of "dollars" race the sun around the globe. As one financial market closes, the dollars rush on to the next so that not a moment is wasted.

"Knowledge - Zzzzz! Money - Zzzzz! Power! That's the cycle democracy is built on!"

Tennessee Williams

What Can I Do?

Raoul Vaneigem says that "a truly new reality can only be based on the principle of the gift." And many anarchists have argued the need for the abolition of money. But history has shown that money cannot be abolished before people's need for money has been abolished. Until we have created a society of the gift that is no longer built on a system of commodity exchanges, money will be necessary or perhaps even desirable. So what we need



email me at 72500.2176@compuserve.com

One day, during a visit to Dallas; you know the city where the Ewings live, I was lounging on a couch in the house of some friends. Alone in the living room, watching the fleas hop across the pages of my book (Guy DeBord's Society of the Spectacle if I remember right, read it, it's written a little strange but well worth it). I was wondering why no fleas had bitten me yet. The house was infested with them and people were complaining about flea bites, but they never fucked with me. I had heard body odor acts as a natural insect repellent. But I had also heard it repels people too and I knew that wasn't true. I've long boasted a powerful guerilla odor that radiates from my armpits and never to my knowledge has it actually driven away people. So I doubted insects, who are much less picky about smells and dirt than humans are would be bothered by it at all. For a second or so I pondered that thought which had sufficiently distracted me from my contemplation of commodity fetishism and capitalism as to make me lose my place. Scott walked in the door. He stopped. He looked around. He acquired a slightly puzzled expression on his face; maybe you could call it a squint. He exclaimed: "What smells like onions?". Knowing fully well that nobody had been cooking onions, I realized it was me that smelled like onions and almost simultaneously I took on the belief that eating onions (garlic too of course) daily makes one strong and less desirable eating for parasitic insects. This, of course, fits right in with my flimsy concept of the infinite onion and cyclic (r)evolution and change. Also some people call me Dave Onion which makes even more sense to me now. One could say, I've taken another brave step towards TRUTH.



Look at me! I'm gone. I left this pathetic excuse for a culture and most likely am not where you think I am for all the best reasons. **Don't write me.** Vanessa will probably get your letter, read it, throw it away and use any money she finds to hire a real plumber and pay off her credit card bills.

The Infinite Onion is free if you find it or its given to you or its available for one dollar postage paid within the US (\$2 elsewhere in the world) from the elves at

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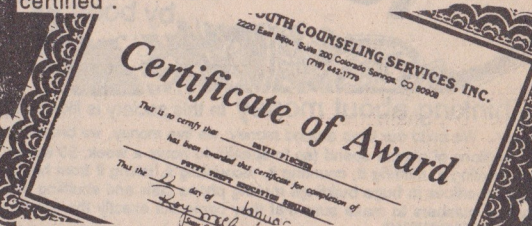
BLERBS

Last issue scared me. It looked too nice and professional. Also it was a little weird going to news print. People were patting me on the back, telling me how it looks so much MORE ACCESSIBLE. I suppose accessible is OK, but I thought it lacked a little of the personal feel of past issues. One thing I like about zines is that upon picking one up, one is instantly infused with the thought: "I CAN DO THAT TOO !!! and probably better." To me, that's what makes a form of media accessible. The knowledge that one can have access to that particular form of expression and do with it what the fuck one wants. Slick magazines do not do that to me. They give off the impression that the printed information and expression business should be left to the professionals with the appropriate degrees and experience. This issue will be layed out cut and paste with minimal use of frustrating and unnecessary layout programs that crash whenever I forget to save everything every minute. Besides, computer layouts smack of legitimacy.

I wrote a lot about my feelings on leaving Colorado Springs since last issue. However looking back on it now, I feel very uncomfortable printing it. A good deal of what I wrote is overly cynical and doesn't really reflect how I normally feel. I think most of this was a result of being frustrated with my living situation. I had a lot of negative feelings about being around so many politically conscious people who are completely unwilling to act on their beliefs in an outward way. I love them all, and that's probably the reason why things like that bother me so much. Also I had written some on black magick of the pigs, which I was looking forward to putting out, but I sort of wrote and thought myself into a corner. Maybe next time.

There's a very liberating feeling that I'm anticipating with this move. With all the positive growth that's accompanied the increase in people I've been dealing with there's also a lot of binding "responsibility" that has kept me from acquiring the space I value to develop and grow in different directions. My unstoppable monstrous mountain of mail has taken on a life of its own. I've found myself using a great deal of time and mental energy pacifying the beast and it never seems to shrink. If I leave town to travel for as little as two weeks, I can easily accumulate over 100 pieces of mail. This is completely insane. Although most of my mail involves relatively effortless tasks such as filling orders and putting catalogs in envelopes, it does build up to steal a

in a petty theft seminar where we were taught how theft really only hurts the poor and dispossessed and when people are caught stealing, they wind up getting gang raped repeatedly in prison and lose all their friends and often their closest relatives won't even speak to them out of shame of being related to a thief (as we saw on a video hosted by the sexy and highly intelligent Peter Falk). Luckily before the ordeal was over, I learned some handy tips on corporate security, met a guy who could sell me a brand new walkman for \$10 and best of all got certified. Now I can walk into any store, stuff my pockets with goodies and when confronted by an employee I just wave my slip of paper in their face. "Pfuck you man, I'm certified".



My KKK rally arrest as documented in last issue got dismissed. They had no point, the puds. After feeling fairly fucking free from fascists and cop trouble, I flew like a fairy to New Orleans for Mardi Gras, the biggest frat party I'd ever seen with a somewhat separatist punk contingent by the water. Unfortunately cops keep themselves busy by arresting punks for trivialities. I, as fate would have it, got hauled in as an accomplice to urinating in public. I got off easy; since the paddy wagons were too full to take me they let me go after a couple of hours of mild torture and insults. Mary, however, ended up in jail for a couple days with impressive bruises. The fun didn't end there. Cops invaded a Crash Worship show and bashed in heads, arresting several innocent people and demanding \$10,000 bail (I think) as a revenge statement for the redecoration and restructuring of one of their vehicles outside of the show. Other than the pig factor, it was a decent celebration.

Osmosis, the alternative clothing and literature shop is starting to do mail order and has bought up all the Neverendingvegetable stock as well as my screens. Infinite Onion will be available through them as well. Write them for a catalog or info: Osmosis PO Box 6445, PO Box 6445, Colorado Springs, CO 80934-6445

The following are news blerbs I acquired from other publications, from direct contacts, over e-mail or different electronic mailing lists. The idea here is to make news accessible which doesn't get out to people all that much as well as to encourage people to get involved in these struggles directly. What I've thrown in here is not extensive news, so by all means write to the addresses and get more information and act as appropriate.

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usa

Tell them Molly Ringwald sent you!

or from any respectable DIY distributor

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UK and Europe people! Current and back issues are available from DS4A (SAE + 40p for UK rest of Europe send 90p , DS4A c/o Box 8 Greenleaf Bookshop / 82 Colston St. / Bristol, AVON UK) as well as from BM Active (BM Active / WC1N 3XX / London UK). Both these

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personally after being exposed to new things as a result of doing Neverendingvegetable, most real dialogue and mail friendships have suffered. When "doing mail" , my head seems to sort of shift into business mode and I become more task oriented, so that when I finally get through the pile of orders to a letter from a friend , I find it very difficult to respond in a non-task oriented manner. In most cases my letters have probably become a lot more rushed, spiritless and less expressive of my feelings while they become more centered around what I've been up to and responding to questions. Apologies to everyone I've ditched in the past with real letters. I will also not be recieving as many zines. it may be a little strange since I do one myself and value zines as a way of destroying the idea of "legitimate media" and instead creating ones own media regardless of who approves or finances it. But unfortunately the bulk of zines I get are like literary pop songs for people with short attention spans. They have short , unchallenging articles usually addressing issues and ideas in a way that's been done plenty of times before and which I get nothing out of. There's really nothing wrong really with putting out a zine like that. If that's how you are and feel , then express it ! But I've gotten swamped with them and have lost a lot of the enthusiasm I used to have for them. I don't need to fill my head with clutter and at the moment I'm overwhelmed by a ridiculous barrage of information which I want to devour. But I lack the omnipotence to carry through with such a task.

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Garden of the Gods themepark: A millionaire named Lyda Hill put down some \$2 million to build a visitors center in Garden of the Gods, a beautiful (some people claim say sacred) area which contains incredible huge red rock formations. From what I've gathered , a small trading post inside the garden will be removed and replaced by a tourist friendly visitors center directly outside of the rocks and visible from the road. Lyda Hill's idea is, from how I understand it, to improve Colorado Springs'economy by building this vile fishing lure for tourists. Also rumors have spread of talking signs and a tram to shuttle tourists and their trash through the area(although they may be exaggerations). Needless to say, a good number of people are pissed off. Some Native Americans are not enthused about digging up and exploiting what they say was burial grounds and/or sacred to them, others don't care too much to see the area raped even more for its cash value. Funny enough though, of all the groups involved , the local AIM chapter (American Indian Movement) is supporting Lyda Hill and monitoring the digging (which started before it was even voted on) to retrieve any bodies that may turn up, and on occasion attempting to chase away protestors. They've even gone so far as to declare war on CAIR (Coalition for American Indian Rights) ,a group who are suing the city, for not being Indian enough and for their position against the visitors center. According to AIM,they want to work with the city to have some say in what happens with the new building and to be able to return artifacts or corpses to the tribes they came from. **The Infinite Onion position :** Anti gay nazi car salesmen are not enough to stomp out tourism in Colorado. However, an efficient

or from any respectable DIY distributor

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"Someday love will find you, break those chains that bind you."- Journey

For inspiration and/or support over the last few years I hail: Vanessa, Marcie and Toast, Chris, Dan at Profane Existence, Robert Stark, the Bijou St. soup kitchen (yeah, even the people who call me ungrateful for being picky about meat content), Mindy and the CC soup kitchen (better food than real restaurants), FUEL cafe in Milwaukee, Downtown post office workers, Citizen Fish, Spencer, Robert Anton Wilson, Monty, Edward Abbey, Darren, Diana, Sulciety and other Dallas / Ft. Worth punks, Spitboy, Rachel, my parents, Amie zine, Matt Duffy, Brian Circle, Sasha and Dave in Flagstaff, cool curious cats in Amarillo, Sonny, Gigi, Heather and Vi, Shireen and Ken-e, Lisa, Mary, Jay, Big Mike, Mike E, Molly, Pablo and Lara, Israel Regardie, Travis, Exedra zine, P, Lorenzo, Durruti, Zapata, Goldman, Lorenzo, Dave the destroyer, dee the funky homosapien, Crash Worship,

T. Hail

NON SEQUITUR By Wiley

WHEN LAMBS BECOME TEEN-AGERS...

OF COURSE I EXPECT YOU TO BE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE...WE'RE SHEEP!



personally after being exposed to new things as a result of doing Neverendingvegetable, most real dialogue and mail friendships have suffered. When "doing mail", my head seems to sort of shift into business mode and I become more task oriented, so that when I finally get through the pile of orders to a letter from a friend, I find it very difficult to respond in a non-task oriented manner. In most cases my letters have probably become a lot more rushed, spiritless and less expressive of my feelings while they become more centered around what I've been up to and responding to questions. Apologies to everyone I've ditched in the past with real letters. I will also not be receiving as many zines. It may be a little strange since I do one myself and value zines as a way of destroying the idea of "legitimate media" and instead creating one's own media regardless of who approves or finances it. But unfortunately the bulk of zines I get are like literary pop songs for people with short attention spans. They have short, unchallenging articles usually addressing issues and ideas in a way that's been done plenty of times before and which I get nothing out of. There's really nothing wrong really with putting out a zine like that. If that's how you are and feel, then express it! But I've gotten swamped with them and have lost a lot of the enthusiasm I used to have for them. I don't need to fill my head with clutter and at the moment I'm overwhelmed by a ridiculous barrage of information which I want to devour. But I lack the omnipotence to carry through with such a task.

So after I leave, my first move will be to clear my head of clutter and relearn how to write "real" letters, devote more time to people I love and shoot myself in new directions. I'm not leaving an address where I'll be, partly because I'm unsure of how safe it will be to receive the type of mail I do, but mostly because I want to be free of that obligation.

It seems as if all my stupid court hassles are definitely over for the time being. To illustrate how much getting my summer plans of exploring the universe tied up in court dates and arrests bothers the shit out of me, I'll put it like this: If I ran into the legal system (or Amerikkka in general) while walking down the road one day, I would out of sheer hate and will power alone blow the bothersome bastard to bits probably leaving behind a sizeable crater to mark the spot and serve as a good reminder to anyone else who has ideas of fucking with my psacred pfreedom. A couple people have called me a cop magnet. I don't try to get in trouble, I just do sometimes. I know people who follow cops through the park calling them nazi pigs and just get ignored. I'm not asking for their attention. I don't think it's cool to get arrested or fucked with; maybe it's cop karma. Some good did come out of my last court hassle, though. After being accused (falsely) of stealing a book by a bug eyed and high strung employee at Chinook bookstore, a place I once considered a decent place, I was coerced into taking part

build a visitors center in Garden of the Gods, a beautiful (some people claim saysacred) area which contains incredible huge red rock formations. From what I've gathered, a small trading post inside the garden will be removed and replaced by a tourist friendly visitors center directly outside of the rocks and visible from the road. Lyda Hill's idea is, from how I understand it, to improve Colorado Springs'economy by building this vile fishing lure for tourists. Also rumors have spread of talking signs and a tram to shuttle tourists and their trash through the area (although they may be exaggerations). Needless to say, a good number of people are pissed off. Some Native Americans are not enthused about digging up and exploiting what they say was burial grounds and/or sacred to them, others don't care too much to see the area raped even more for its cash value. Funny enough though, of all the groups involved, the local AIM chapter (American Indian Movement) is supporting Lyda Hill and monitoring the digging (which started before it was even voted on) to retrieve any bodies that may turn up, and on occasion attempting to chase away protestors. They've even gone so far as to declare war on CAIR (Coalition for American Indian Rights), a group who are suing the city, for not being Indian enough and for their position against the visitors center. According to AIM, they want to work with the city to have some say in what happens with the new building and to be able to return artifacts or corpses to the tribes they came from. **The Infinite Onion position:** Anti gay nazi car salesmen are not enough to stomp out tourism in Colorado. However, an efficient program putting useless and shifty rich assholes like Lyda Hill to use via mass expropriation and redistribution of her wealth to those who need it instead of pouring it all into commodifying natural beauty with gimmicky tourist traps would be a good first step to make Colorado unfertile ground for other rich gawkers. ((Big sentence? Oh yeah, just wait for the hardcore onomatopoeia))

The Pnation Of Pnin

The popes of Pnin have been tearing shit up. Aside from a succesful assasination of a PRI candidate in Mexico as a solidarity action with the Zapatistas, the Pnation prompted a mass dissing of property ideals and bourgeois boringness by throwing a massive Potlatch Potluck Picnic in a local park. However the gods approved not and cursed the celebration with hail and

snow. The potlatch then moved to the closest Pninian pcultural stronghold where property ownership was mocked and excellent pfood was ingested. Small bands of Pninian pguerrillas are expected to plaunch attacks on your minds and linear thinking in general any day now. pViva Pnin! pHail Eris!

Amendment 2: Shortly after last issue hit the streets, important people declared Amendment 2 unconstitutional and threw it to the birds. Does that mean we're free and sexually liberated now?

The prison in Florence (FCI) has been open and housing prisoners since January 93 although it's unclear when the actual Control Unit will be open for torture. According to the pigs themselves, the prison which was built to handle 700 to 800 prisoners is currently holding about 12,000 prisoners. Obviously fed up with the miserable conditions in the prison, inmates armed themselves with makeshift tools, held off guards, carried out hunger strikes and a work stoppage and rioted heavily during the end of February. What really happened and whether anyone was injured or killed during the riot completely unclear from I've gathered from the sources I have (mostly mainstream press). There were reports of gunshots going off inside the prison, but officials deny it and nobody seems to know whether they came from prisoners or pigs. For more info on control units and activism against them contact Abolish Control Unit Torture (ACUT), PO Box 1156, Boulder, CO 80306

Coming soon, **By Pass** is the review and listing service for zine and pamphlet producers - a UK based "Factsheet Five". Send your publication in. Review is guaranteed and in return you get a free issue with your review inside. By Pass c/o 21 Cave St., Oxford OX4 1BA, UK

The trial of the **Chattanooga 8**, a group of people arrested for protesting the murder of a black trucker by seven white cops, finished on February 23 with only two of the eight found guilty of "violating a public meeting". Lorenzo Kom'boa Ervin and Clifford Ebehard face up to six months in prison. Write to the judge in protest of these convictions and demand that no prison time be given to Lorenzo or Clifford. Judge Steve Debil / Criminal Court 600 Market St. / Chattanooga, TN 37401

A women's Info-shop in Zagreb is working on providing information on women's issues and is working to revive the feminist movement in war-torn Croatia. Write them at Zenska Infoteka, Berislaviceva 14, 41000 Zagreb, Croatia or via email at ZENSKAINFO_ZG@ZAMIR-ZG.COMLINK.DE - Love and Rage

Little Rock Reed who published the paper Iron Drum, and among other things was a legal consultant for the Aboriginal Ute Nation (which in an act of ethnic cleansing, the U.S. government "terminated" by an Act of Congress), has been forced to go underground. Because of Little Rock's struggle for Native American prisoners rights and the exposing civil and criminal of the Ohio prison system, the Adult Parole Authority tried to force him back to prison for another 15 years. In prison, many people believed he would have been murdered as was his co-writ-writer and activist for Native prisoners rights Dennis Weaver. Dennis was found beaten to death after the Lucasville riot. The only ones who had access to his cells were prison guards and officials. For more info: Deborah Garlin, PO Box 53, Whiterock, UT 84085 - from Bayou La Rose

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Animal Liberation Front: As part of the grand jury investigation of the ALF and the successful raid on Washington State Universities animal research labs in 1991, **Deb Stout** and **Kim Trimiew** have been imprisoned for refusing to testify in the case. Deb and Kim say they will never talk, though federal law allows incarcerating them without charges until the grand jury expires in sixteen months. The jail put Kim in solitary confinement as a result of a separation order by the judge. **Anthony Miller** is another imprisoned animal rights activist who was sentenced to ten years in 1990 for setting loose 250 wild horses captured by federal and state agencies. Anthony managed to plea bargain his sentence down from 130 years to 10 and it looks mighty unlikely that he will be coming up for parole. He is trying to remain active from inside of prison, but is having a hard time getting cash for even mailings. Anthony can be reached at: Anthony D. Miller #40351, POB 1059, Santa Fe, NM 87504-1059. Both Kim and Deb can be reached at Spokane County Jail, W 1100 Mallon, Spokane, WA 99260- **Earth First! Journal**, PO Box 1415, Eugene, OR 97440

NEWS FROM ZÜRICH SWITZERLAND WOHLGROTH SQUATTED SOCIAL CENTER EVICTED

News from Zurich:

Wohlgroth evicted Window breaking demos downtown Occupation of Limmatstrasse 28 Against the solutions dictated from above

One bitter cold morning in Zurich, on Tuesday, November 23, 1993, the Zurich pigs accompanied by helicopters, water cannons, and a Tact team evicted the Wohlgroth-Areal, which has been squatted for two and a half years.

Sixty squatters, who were still in Areal at the time of the eviction, left the house "voluntarily" when given an ultimatum by the police. Two people were carried out by police. Resistance to the eviction was practically nonexistent. Even the conservative daily Neue Zürcher Zeitung wrote: "Wohlgroth surrendered by squatters without a struggle." About 200 supporters stood outside behind police barricades and followed the process of the eviction with loud yells and boos. At one point the demonstrators were attacked with water cannons and responded with a volley of bottles and stones.

After charges of trespassing had been brought by the firm Oerlikon-Buehrle, which wants to erect office buildings there, the pigs forced their way into the Areal. Huge excavators broke through the barricaded entrances. The way was opened using welding torches and chain saws. Employees of the utility companies bore holes in the asphalt and cut gas, water and power. A fence was erected around the squatted Areal. The pigs systematically searched the property and made it unlivable. Windows were broken, furniture and stairs demolished. A case of ready to use molotov cocktails and two shopping carts of small cobble stones were unfortunately left unused. Posters with the photos and names of Zurich police adorned the walls. "Learn to recognize them, before they know you, from the photo album of the Zurich police."

After the eviction, around noon, display windows of 12 downtown stores were broken out with hammers. The amount of damage inflicted by this action was set by the police to be around 48,000 Francs (\$33,800). That evening around 10:30 pm another 4-5 windows were destroyed.

In addition to the 120 people who lived in the Wohlgroth-Fabrik there was a giant concert room, a Jaz club, a cafe, a library, a movie theater, a volx kitchen, a flea market, etc. The inner houses were connected with various wooden and hanging bridges. (reminiscent of the Lubbi) The outer walls were covered with wild, colorful wall murals and sculptures such as a paper mache tiger head and walrus teeth.

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The Voluntary Human Extinction Movement (VHEMT) is a group of people advocating that we act as earth's last generation of humans. They aren't for war or mass murder, just a sensible deep-ecology and gleefully anti-anthropocentric vision of freeing the earth of the vile parasites called humans. They're currently in the process of setting up a no-interest loan fund for vasectomies. In the past they held a Valentine's Day Vasectomy drawing and have put out some newsletters explaining their approach. Cool shit. Write to VHEMT, Les U. Knight, PO Box 86646 Portland, OR 97286-0646



The Blast is a new bimonthly 24 page newspaper put out by the Agitator Index anarchist collective. looks

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On Thursday, November 25, two days after the eviction, things heated up, finally! Around 6:30 pm 200 masked demonstrators took off from Bellevue chanting "Wo-Wohlroth", and "rebellion, resistance, there is no peaceful hinterland." One hundred activists who had gathered at Pestalozziweide later joined the others, in order to be more of a fighting power. Shortly before 7 pm the fun began: dozens of display windows were shattered, above all gambling parlors, boutiques, bars, and rich stores. Many demonstrators came prepared with backpacks full of small cobblestones, which now came in handy. Construction places were also scavenged for stones. Store owners barricaded their businesses and lowered the curtains. This didn't stop demonstrators from climbing up a McDonald's and breaking out unprotected lights. Barricades were set up at Limmatquai. A scaffolding crashed into an expensive sports car, yeah. Even cars and taxis had to take it seriously, some of them were turned over. Finally the cops came and were welcomed with stones and beer bottles. Subsequently tear gas and rubber bullets were used by the police. Around 7:25 pm several apparently uninvolved pedestrians happened into the stone throwing. A 57 year old man was hit hard in the head with a stone (according to NZZ).

Should it be that this 57 year old man was injured by activists, this is to be condemned. Such a thing mustn't be allowed to happen. People must pay better attention to unclear situations. That is our political responsibility which we take on. A public apology would be worth considering.

The Niederdorf area offered a picture of great destruction in several places. Alleys were strewn with glass shards and stones. Store displays, toppled dumpsters, and garbage bags lay on the street.

The damage was estimated at half a million Franks (\$350,000).

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Early Friday morning in solidarity with the former squatters of the Wohlroth 2 molotovs were thrown at the private security firm, Protectas which is securing the Wohlroth-Areal until its final destruction.

Several days before the eviction, on Saturday November 20, 1993 there was a big solidarity demo for the Wohlroth, which couldn't change anything however. Three thousand five hundred people took part in the demonstration, which actually had a really good spirit. The planned demo route was changed by the pigs a couple times - we weren't allowed to go through the Nobelgasse. A side mirror was kicked off a Ferrari - the demo ended in front of the houses.

On Sunday evening, the Wohlroth plenum decided, to our disappointment, in expectation of an imminent eviction, to voluntarily leave the Wohlroth without a fight. Other opinions were dismissed, such as those that still saw hope in building giant barricades in front of the Wohlroth or right near it on the street to save the threatened houses (barricades as a negotiating piece in exchange for the continuation of an agreement to not evict for example) or to raise the political cost of eviction. Such ideas "didn't make sense, we would wind up arrested and ID'd... it was useless." In fact we would have been unprepared for a militant defense. In addition, many were already resigned to the eventuality of the eviction. "The Wohlroth is dead already." The atmosphere was characterized by a mixture of resignation, fear, hopelessness, lack of courage and perplexity.

In the end, all items of value were removed such as the P.A., musical instruments, mattresses etc. About 5 am Monday morning after everyone had left, the doors were locked. Several dimwits had previously tried to set the Wohlroth on fire by throwing 10-15 tires onto a campfire in the inner courtyard. Luckily the squatters and

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NINGUN SER HUMANO ES ILEGAL



NO HUMAN BEING IS ILLEGAL

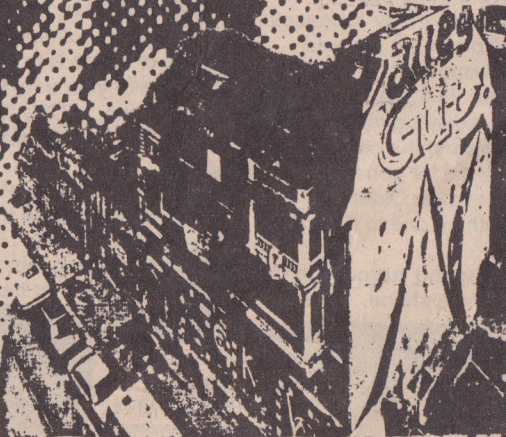
Dan's non-judicial conviction record! For more info: Western Shoshone Defense Project, General Delivery, Crescent Valley, NV 89821

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Get more information from the Anti-fascist Defense Committee at (612)825-9953, or write: Minneapolis ABC, PO Box 7075, Minneapolis MN 55407, or via e-mail at johnson@polisci.umn.edu - Love and Rage



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After everyone had left the Wohlgroth-Areal and a couple small fires and barricades had been built the pigs didn't show and the mood sunk to an all time low. We didn't understand it either. Two months before the houses had been protected by thick barricades, and now the Wohlgroth was to be given up without a struggle? If the pigs had come then, they would have found no one there. We couldn't have done them a bigger favor. This was reason enough for us to leave Zurich 8 am Monday morning. Monday evening after the pigs hadn't come everybody moved back in. Tuesday, the pigs came.

The Buehle corporation bought the houses, had them demolished and wants to build there. Who is this corporation? The Oerlikon-Buehle Holding AG is a group of companies who own among other things a weapon contractor. This weapon contractor sells the famous Pilatusporter PC 7 and the new PC 9 to governments such as Guatemala, Turkey, Bolivia, South Africa, Burma.... These planes are used by the governments in power to bomb popular uprisings, liberation movements and the civilian population from the face of the earth.

Buehle Senior emigrated from Germany to Switzerland in 1924. The Buehle corporation sold powerful weapons to the German Nazis in the 2nd World War. The company is known in Switzerland for its unfair labor practices. Mr. Widmer, general manager of Buehle fired 12,000 workers within the last two years from a total workforce of 27,000.

Wohlgroth is dead - the idea lives on! We demand a new, but much bigger and better Wohlgroth!

No god, no state, no finance capital! No eviction worldwide - Hafenstrasse remains!

Berlin, 30 November 1993

----- Translated from Interim, Weekly Berlin Infos, 9 Dec. 1993

berkeley /o/ 3124 Shattuck Ave /o/ Berkeley, CA 94705 USA /o/ Infoshop
resist@burn.ucsd.edu /o/ fax: 510-845-8816

ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS

WOMEN FIGHTING BACK

Approximately 60,000 women are imprisoned in the US. This number is growing by 15% yearly. There are now 41 women on death row. Of these, 15 were convicted of killing their husbands or lovers. Aileen Wuornos and Lorena Bobbit have gained notoriety, but the majority of these women serve their time unknown to the general public. This is not just a North American problem. The following is excerpted from an article from the London Anarchist Black Cross Bulletin about a young woman imprisoned for killing her abusive partner. Cases like these are increasingly common in Britain.

EMMA HUMPHRIES

Emma Humphries has been detained since she was 17 years old. She was convicted of murder, mainly on the strength of a statement she made to the police while in a state of severe emotional and physical trauma.

Convicted in December 1985, Emma has now served a total of eight years for killing Trevor Armitage, who she met when she was 16, after coming to Britain alone from Canada. Like many homeless young women, she was surviving by prostitution. Armitage, a client twice her age, offered her some semblance of affection and a place to live. After she moved in with him, he subjected her to six months of physical, sexual and emotional abuse.

Shortly before Armitage's death, Emma was raped by three men, after which Armitage continued to abuse her. On the night she killed Armitage, Emma had cut her wrists in response to his violence, and still had the knife next to her when he came into the room and approached her. Fearing that he was going to rape or beat her, she picked up the knife and stabbed him.

Emma later gave a statement to the police without anyone present to act on her behalf. She had received no support or counseling for any of the assaults she had experienced during the previous six months.

Emma now says that, at the time of her arrest, she was unable to talk about Armitage's abuse in any detail either to the police or to the duty solicitor who was eventually appointed. Therefore, her statement does not explain the events that led to the stabbing.

When Emma came to trial, after 11 months in custody, she still had not received counseling. Emma was unable to talk about them in a public court, and did not give evidence on her own behalf. Neither the extent of the violence she had been subjected to, nor a detailed account of the events which led to the stabbing, were presented at the trial. Emma seems to have been convicted of murder without examination of either of the defenses that might have been open to her: "diminished responsibility" or "provocation."

Either of these defenses, if accepted by the jury, result in a conviction for manslaughter, the penalties for which are at the trial judge's discretion. For murder, the penalties are fixed at life for adults and indeterminate sentences for minors.

The publicity around the cases of Kiranjit Ahluwalia, Sara Thornton and other women convicted of murder for killing violent men gave Emma hope. Justice for Women are campaigning around Emma's case, along with other organizations like Southall Black

Sisters. After the release of Kiranjit Ahluwalia earlier this year, and the publicity around her case, these groups have raised the profile of issues surrounding women who kill violent partners.

Sara Thornton received a setback earlier this year when her appeal was refused, despite there being new and decisive evidence in her favor.

Write letters to Emma at:

H.M.P. Holloway Parkhurst Rd. London N7 0NU Britain

and Sara Thornton at:

H.M.P. Bullward Hall High Rd. Hockley, Essex SS5 4TE England

Love and Rage POB 853 Stuy. Sta, NY, NY 10009 USA e-mail: lnr@blythe.org
voice/fax (212) 460 8390 -- + + + + + 212-675-9690 NY TRANSFER NEWS COLLECTIVE 212-675-9663 + + Since 1985:
Information for the Rest of Us + + e-mail: nyt@blythe.org info:
info@blythe.org +

HOW THE U.S. USES FOOD AID AS A WEAPON

U.S. RULERS HAVE NEVER CARED ABOUT
THE STARVING. THEY HAVE USED FOOD AID FOR
THEIR OWN POLITICAL PURPOSES.

As President Nixon said, "Let us remember that the main purpose of American aid is not to help other nations but to help ourselves."

The bulk of food aid has always gone to military allies.

- After the 1973 fascist coup in Chile, the U.S. sent eight times more food aid in one month than it had in the previous 33.
- In Bangladesh, where up to 100,000 died during the 1974 famine, the U.S. deliberately withheld aid because Bangladesh had recently signed a trade deal with Cuba.
- Before the Gulf War, the leader of Sudan declared support for Saddam Hussein. As punishment, the U.S. diverted a ship carrying 90,000 tons of wheat --- while seven million Sudanese hovered on the edge of starvation.
- During the 1985 famine in east Africa, \$175 million worth of aid was waiting to be moved inland.

It was not blocked by gunmen but by President Reagan, who insisted that only private trucking firms could be used to transport it.

WHILE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE DIED, THE FOOD ROTTED IN WAREHOUSES.
(From SOCIALIST WORKER, (January 1993) a publication of the International Socialist Organization, P.O. Box 16086, Chicago, IL 60616) (no, I don't support them - dave)

IF TREES COULD SPEAK

Michael Przystas

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Have you been to a museum or park somewhere, and seen a cross section of a big tree, with dates and captions of historical moments and whatnot tagged onto different annual rings? Thinking about all the crazy, traumatic, and heart racking events around us today, it's so ironic to think that at some future date it will be diminished to captions on annual rings.

Ponder for a moment. Don't you think this is representative of mankind's general attitude toward it's history? Ideally, we want to think we created history-keeping to learn from our mistakes and improve life for the next generation. Throughout history, idealists have popped up from time to time, scanning history for clues, groping for answers to our vexing questions of government and war. Despite an elaborate and impressive networking of history-keeping, for all practical purposes its value is only in the hoopla itself. It's relatively little more than a way of keeping track of time. Perhaps someone locked up their whole life in a dungeon needs to record the passing of time. The prisoner embraces history-keeping as an illusion of control with the only thing he has in this helpless situation -- time.

But time passes on unfettered as always. Governments rise and fall, following the same paths as governments preceding them. Despite the holocaust of Hitler's day, we have learned nothing of all that bloody history and here before our eyes it's happening again. And we watch like zombies, like we're strapped to our chairs. *Fuck! What's happening!* You scream. We're all screaming. Why? I don't think I know anything, but here's what I think:

We, (mankind) are prisoners of our own diseased intellect. We're beating our own heads, screaming to be free, but we can only temporarily pacify ourselves with artificial controls. Government, no matter how powerful, tyrannical, or good it appears without a trace with the handful of generations that created it. **Because it's artificial.** Even America, this great optimistic and resourceful empire - I don't thrill on basing on Uncle Sam - but look! It's showing all the typical signs of collapse that was evident in the final days of the ancient democracies of the Romans and the Greeks. Around the time the Declaration of Independence was signed, Alexander Fraser Tytler (1748-1813) wrote a book about the collapse of the ancient Athenian Republic. He wrote: "A democracy cannot exist as a permanent form of government. It can only exist until the voters discover that they can vote themselves money from the Public Treasury. From that moment on, the majority always votes for the candidates promising the most benefits from the Public Treasury, with a result that a democracy always collapses over

It's almost thinkable that humans are really extraterrestrial. I doubt it, yet one can't help but notice that the perfect order running nature is not running the humans. A number of individuals throughout history have found a measure of happiness by attempting to sync with nature. I say attempt, because on the road to being in this perfect harmony with the universe, one reaches a barrier. What is it? I can feel it, but I can't explain it, or define it. Mankind, no matter how it tries, can only look at the natural universe, as through a glass vile with sick eyes of a subject of some animal experiment. At some point, long ago we became our own scientist, groping with the theory that we can give up and deny the balance of our inherent equality to rule ourselves, create a plastic reality through dominance. Violent centuries have passed. In this cruel experiment on ourselves, we the scientist inevitably dove head first into a vile of our own poison, to gasp and heave in our own artificial creations until the last breath.

Then, only then, we cry for help...

Meanwhile, how many more of us will be victims of prejudice, rape, and all sorts of other physical and mental abuses? How many will lose loved ones to senseless murder? Ever so often the victims are innocent, defenseless and minorities. This is because in mankind's quest to rule itself, the disease mentality that resulted not only affects governments and wars. How about the men "reconditioned" to no longer be just free individuals, but instinctual war tools? War is the training and proving ground for dominance disease. The soldiers discover shocking and uncontrollable truths of their reconditioning. Suddenly upon the battlefield they can penetrate a village, suddenly they're murdering, raping, mutilating... After the war they bring the trauma and reconditioning home and practice it on their wives, children and others. In society, the family unit is the most sacred, fundamental order. Yet, so common is there mental and physical beatings in these microcosms of humanity. The great dominance disease penetrates the home, where the young are initiated. And it just spreads like plague.

It's really something governments can likewise take 'free' people break them, use them... like giant parents of humanity, governments subject us to beating sessions, - wars. Like a child losing its dignity with each molestation, the soul and spirit of humanity is slowly eroding.

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A year ago I left my familiar urban lifestyle. I heard of an experimental community hidden in a canyon in Washington State. Drawn by words like utopia & peace & love - like a fish on a hook, answering a call that I'd like to think exists in every man's

heart though how so repressed, forgotten , or by chance remembered. I arrived at the tail of the communities "blossoming" period. Desolation was all around . Indeed, the idealist rose yet again from the abyss, touching this canyon, trying out great philosophies, trying to turn history around. Although later assessing many successes (like creating a wonderful world for a few dozen children , now all grown), it seemed painfully evident that the true victors in the Utopian experiment were the termites, the moss, the multitudes of bacteria. Before my eyes the great Order of nature continued on without blinking at the human endeavors, seen as sinking ships digesting into the earth.

That night , the milky way shown as it has for billion of years, the coyotes screamed and howled and echoed in the canyon depths, as they did for generation after generation. The beavers deforested and created fresh fertile meadows. Older meadows gave in to fir saplings , and in the dense forests, branches fell with no one to hear the fall.

I preceded one night by full moon up a side canyon to a spring surrounded by moss and raspberries, couldn't help but imagine I was approaching a shrine. *Water. Life. Balance. Order.*

And me: *Fear. Corruption. Confusion. Disorder.*

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So if history should teach us anything, it should tell us to give up the control. Earlier I mentioned, the road to perfect unity with natural order is obstructed by a barrier. once all forms of government collapses, becomes too helpless to function, or is consciously eliminated, my guess is the road to natural order will be open to us all the way.

What can you and I do here now? *Revolution!* So often we hear the cry. We really just hear a lot of inflated words. It takes a lot of energy to incite change on society, too often (if not always) the wounds infected in the process undermine even the best ideologies. My message is save that energy, and give it to those closest to you, to your family or gang. Realize that love as you know it and feel it, is a glimmer of the natural order of the universe within you. A real revolution begins at home in your own little microcosm of humanity. Give your group all your heart and strength. Raise kids like what they are - the next humanity. NOT POSSESSIONS ! Take note of your impulses to control others. How about if you have no family? It's OK, because our part in the scheme of things is to just hang on to our own absolute freedom and equality with all life. Don't give your soul to anything that history keeps trying to tell us is artificial and temporary. Bono, in U2's "WAR" album sang it perfectly : "*If others need your time, say 'it's time to go', it's your time.*"

I look out my window , the old firs dominating the yard have stood through generations, witnessing all the crazy human dramas that played out in this very canyon. If only trees could speak . . . However , closer I become in tune with its natural rhythms, I sense something faint like distant wale calls miles below in the most forbidden ocean depths. But felt , not heard.

Michael Przystas
Route 3 Box 72
Davenport, WA 99122

EZLN DECLARATION

Here are excerpts of the declaration from the Lacandon jungle by the Zapatista National Liberation Army:

**"TODAY WE SAY ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
TO THE PEOPLE OF MEXICO:
MEXICAN BROTHERS AND SISTERS:**

We are a product of 500 years of struggle: first against slavery, then during the War of Independence against Spain led by insurgents, then to avoid being absorbed by North American imperialism, then to promulgate our constitution and expel the French empire from our soil, and later the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz denied us the just application of the Reform laws and the people rebelled and leaders like Villa and Zapata emerged, poor men just like us. We have been denied the most elemental preparation so they can use us as cannon fodder and pillage the wealth of our country. They don't care that we have nothing, absolutely nothing, not even a roof over our heads, no land, no work, no health care, no food nor education. Nor are we able to freely and democratically elect our political representatives, nor is there independence from foreigners, nor is there peace nor justice for ourselves and our children.

But today, we say ENOUGH IS ENOUGH. We are the inheritors of the true builders of our nation. The dispossessed, we are millions and we thereby call upon our brothers and sisters to join this struggle as the only path, so that we will not die of hunger due to the insatiable ambition of a 70 year dictatorship led by a clique of traitors that represent the most conservative and sell-out groups. They are the same ones that opposed Hidalgo and Morelos, the same ones that betrayed Vicente Guerrero, the same ones that sold half our country to the foreign invader, the same ones that imported a European prince to rule our country, the same ones that formed the "scientific" Porfirista dictatorship, the same ones that opposed the Petroleum Expropriation, the same ones that massacred the railroad workers in 1958 and the students in 1968, the same ones the today take everything from us, absolutely everything."

Their plan:

"First: Advance to the capital of the country, overcoming the Mexican federal army, protecting in our advance the civilian population and permitting the people in the liberated area the right to freely and democratically elect their own administrative authorities.

Second: Respect the lives of our prisoners and turn over all wounded to the International Red Cross.

Third: Initiate summary judgements against all soldiers of the Mexican federal army and the political police that have received training or have been paid by foreigners, accused of being traitors to our

country, and against all those that have repressed and treated badly the civil population and robbed or stolen from or attempted crimes against the good of the people.

Fourth: Form new troops with all those Mexicans that show their interest in joining our struggle, including those that, being enemy soldiers, turn themselves in without having fought against us, and promise to take orders from the General Command of the Zapatista National Liberation Army.

Fifth: We ask for the unconditional surrender of the enemy's headquarters before we begin any combat to avoid any loss of lives.

Sixth: Suspend the robbery of our natural resources in the areas controlled by the EZLN.

To the People of Mexico: We, the men and women, full and free, are conscious that the war that we have declared is our last resort, but also a just one. The dictators are applying an undeclared genocidal war against our people for many years. Therefore we ask for your participation, your decision to support this plan that struggles for work, land, housing, food, health care, education, independence, freedom, democracy, justice and peace. We declare that we will not stop fighting until the basic demands of our people have been met by forming a government of our country that is free and democratic.

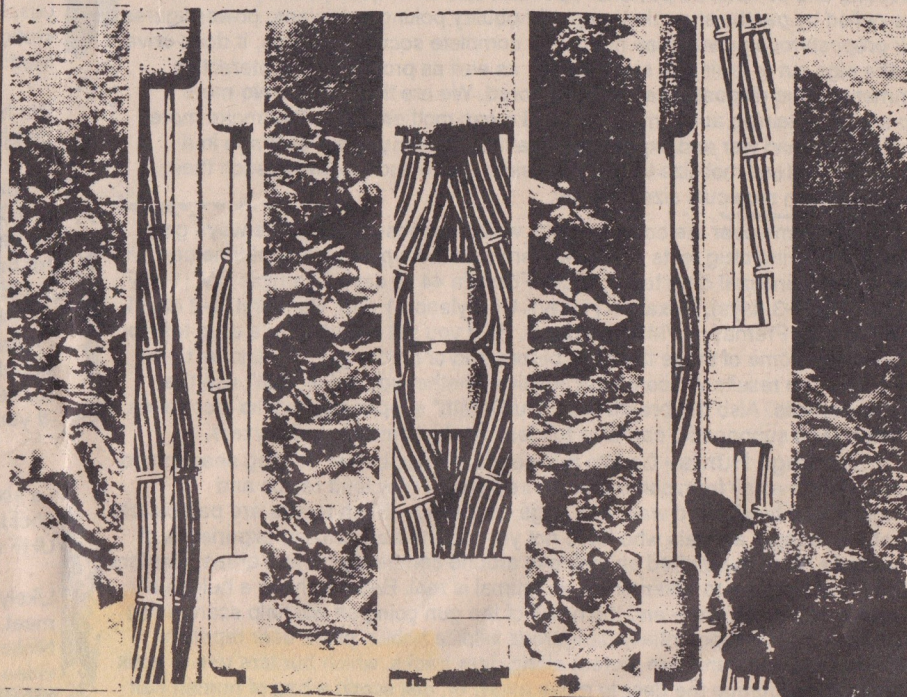
**JOIN THE INSURGENT FORCES OF THE ZAPATISTA
NATIONAL LIBERATION ARMY.**

General Command of the EZLN 1993"

To whom it may consternate:

This world consists of lies and unspoken thoughts. We hide everything from eachother. We hide everything from ourselves. Communication has been ruined. We can not see eachother. Everything is opaque. We are very comfortable with our blindness. Our sickness is this: in order to avoid hurting ourselves we hurt ourselves. We are scared of everything, except for fear. We indulge daily in fear. We consist of our defeats. We are the sum of our losses and take undignifying pride in that fact. Courage is nonexistent. Integrity is to be found nowhere. We exist as horrible and deformed caricatures of ourselves. We demand nothing but the very worst. We participate daily in the reproduction of our own misery. The machine of modern life has so thoroughly integrated us that we cling to its every image as proof of our own existence.

The song of life has been rearranged as a death march. I am tired of chanting. Death does not intrigue me. I want out. I want to be alive. Do you?



(d)anger P.O. Box 203 Portland, OR. 97207

Truck stops: It's often pretty easy to get rides with truckers. If you get dropped off at a truck stop, just ask drivers walking to their trucks, and you'll most likely get lucky. There is however a traveling prostitute scene which caters to truckers. If you're a woman you may want to make it very clear where you stand in this respect, your ride may expect some things from you which you aren't prepared to give. There are a lot of companies which don't allow their drivers to pick up hitchhikers, but they frequently will anyway. Some truck stops have anti-hitchhiking policies which may lead to grief and/or anxiety/anger.

Hippies: I've counted cars and VW buses covered with grateful dead and hippy stickers by the thousands over the years and have only been picked up once as far as I can remember by these "sharing, caring, loving" hippies. I feel we're vaguely on the same side of

you can get a copy for \$1 from Apäba Freer, PO Box 759-IO, Veneta OR 97487

Book Your Own Fucking Life is a great resource for traveling punks. Its basically a punk directory of the world (but mostly North America). It lists record stores, bands, labels, activist groups, crash pads, good places to eat veggie food, and whatever else people feel like sending in. It's done by a different group every year, I think the latest was compiled by Rocco Publishing and is available from the for \$3 from Rocco Publishing 2427 So. 58th Ct. Cicero, IL 60650

**PUNK
TRAVEL** 101

HITCHHIKING:

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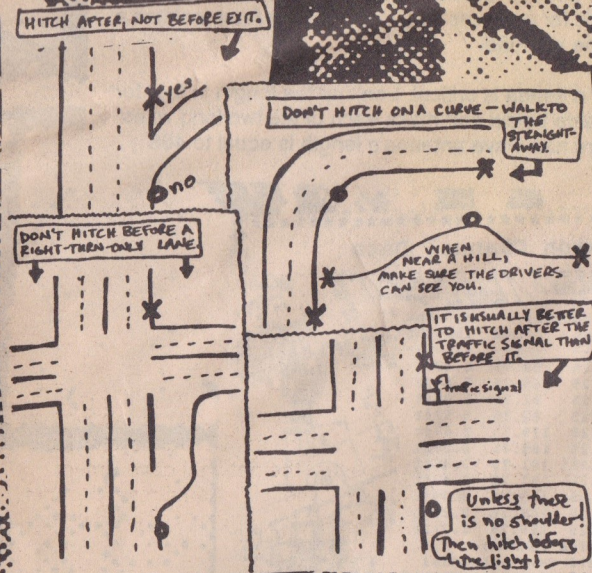
General Command of the EZLN 1993

PUNK TRAVEL 101

HITCHHIKING:

There's a lot of scary stories about hitchhiking and how dangerous it can be, but I'd say most of those stories come from parental types. And yeah, I suppose it can be dangerous, and it does include taking chances, but if you've taken your RDA of street smarts, you'll be OK. Some tips for those considering hitchhiking:

When a car pulls over, be sure to ask them where they're going before just jumping in. You may want to be somewhat picky about rides. For instance if you're at a good spot with lots of visibility, lots of traffic and where it's easy for cars to pull over, you don't want a ride that will take you a mile down the road to a shitty spot. It helps to have an atlas or map handy to show drivers where you're going.



Map handy to

Avoid: »Big c

Avoid: »Big cities. Try to get rides through cities, not to them unless that's where you're headed already. Cities are the worst place to get picked up, since most cars are only going down a couple exits, it's very difficult to pull over and cops are in full force.

»Standing on the road. Keep off the actual highway, stand or walk next to it, it may sound stupid but people do get hit by cars while standing (often

Truck stops: It's often pretty easy to get rides with truckers. If you get dropped off at a truck stop, just ask drivers walking to their trucks, and you'll most likely get lucky. There is however a traveling prostitute scene which caters to truckers. If you're a woman you may want to make it very clear where you stand in this respect, your ride may expect some things from you which you aren't prepared to give. There are a lot of companies which don't allow their drivers to pick up hitchhikers, but they frequently will anyway. Some truck stops have anti-hitchhiking policies which may lead to grief and/or anxiety/anger.

Hippies: I've counted cars and VW buses covered with grateful dead and hippy stickers by the thousands over the years and have only been picked up once as far as I can remember by these "sharing, caring, loving" advocates of peace. Sometimes I feel we're vaguely on the same side of the fence, but not on the road. Hippies don't give a shit about hitchhikers. Women: Although it's really easy for women to get rides, it's also quite dangerous. I suggest carrying a large threatening sheath knife on your side, to show you are not vulnerable. Also try to go with a partner who is somewhat on the ball. Common sense will save your ass if it comes down to a strong come on or confrontation.

Sexual favors: It's up to you if you want to or not, although I've never chosen to myself. Everyone who has propositioned me before has reeked of sleaze and has come across to me as quite undesirable. I just say I'm not interested and it usually is left at that. Occasionally someone will get extremely pushy and then I just have them drop me off, but it's usually no big deal. I've also only been asked for sexual favors by men, usually in their thirties to late forties. Never by younger men or women. Not that it never happens, just never to me so far. I've heard countless stories of rides getting very pushy with women though. As I said before, speak firmly and carry a big knife (and a partner).

Signs: I usually make a fairly large sign that looks pretty. I make them clear with big letters and usually put something cute on them like flowers or mountains when I'm heading back to Colorado. It's probably a good idea to out the closest big city or destination you're headed to next, or one that you would think would take you the right directions.

Finding a place to sleep: If you're in a city, meet people on the streets, ask around be friendly and make it known you need a place to stay for the night. Punks can usually lead you to a friendly punk house or squat that might put you up. Treat everyone with respect that helps you out, no matter how grumpy you're feeling. Nobody owes you shit; what help you find traveling comes from the goodness of others (people have been incredibly generous to me on the road for which I'm very grateful) and it's wise to show them how much you appreciate their help. I usually try giving something in return like washing their dishes or cooking them some food. If you're in the boonies and can't find shit, be creative. Abandoned

cars, dumpsters, highway overpasses, rooftops and bridges all make great shelters.

Food: I always try to leave home with lots of foodstamps and they've always been a blessing. When I run out or if I'm in a foreign country where my stamps don't count, I find myself stealing food regularly. Ask for soup kitchens or food banks when you get into an urban area. Of course, dumpster diving is an obvious source of food even at home. One has to be quite stubborn and very stupid to starve in this here country. Again, just ask the first hobos or punks you see where the action is at and you're set.

The Spike Anarky network (as Lawrence Livermore would call it): There's a good number of train hopping, hitchhiking punk squatter types who travel around, act very punk rock and are constantly fucked up. They of course hate authority and break 40s after drinking them. It's nice to meet people who know people you know from different parts of the world, but I could care less about stumbling through the world drunk, so I try to find more interesting things to do.

Germany is hitchhiker friendly as fuck. People are incredibly trusting and

(d)anger P.O. Box 203 Portland, OR. 97207

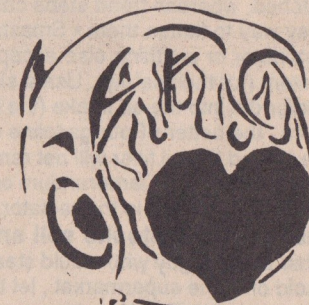
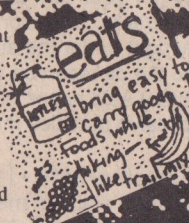
you can get a copy for \$1 from Apapa Freer, PO Box 759-IO, Veneta OR 97487

Book Your Own Fucking Life is a great resource for traveling punks. It's basically a punk directory of the world (but mostly North America). It lists record stores, bands, labels, activist groups, crash pads, good places to eat veggie food, and whatever else people feel like sending in. It's done by a different group every year, I think the latest was compiled by Rocco Publishing and is available from the for \$3 from Rocco Publishing -- 2427 So. 58th Ct., Cicero, IL 60650

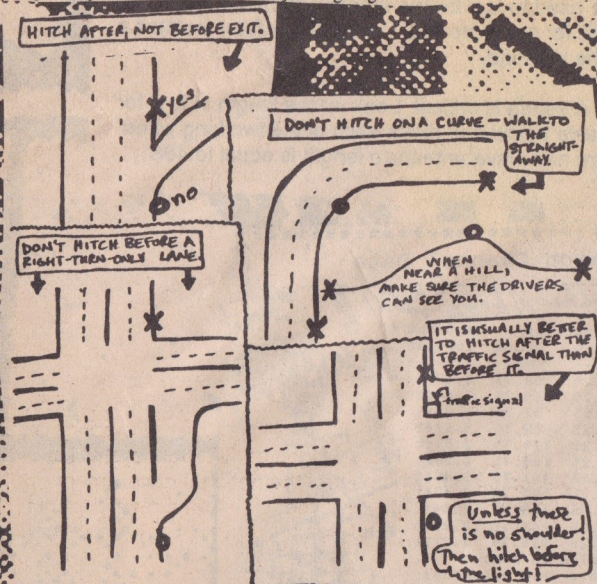
Let's Go. Every young tourist I met in Europe had a copy this book. Carry it around unconcealed and you automatically label yourself a lost tourist. Except if you are a lost tourist this book will make you not so lost. I had a copy of Let's Go Europe which contains every halfway large city in Europe with listings of where to get cheap, vegetarian food, good places to hitchhike out of, Youth hostels and cheap places to stay, bars, tips on currency exchange, contacts for rape crisis centers, gay centers, some useful information and tips relating to the country's cultural and political situation and of course what sights to see, but I pretty much ignore that. Be sure to get a current copy, I found my copy to be pretty out of date (and it was only a year old).

Money: I personally lug around a stack of patches and zines to sell and always do well. Patches are easy to sell cuz they're cheap and they don't weigh much. Some people actually make ungodly sums of money selling simple jewelry and others make fortunes selling drugs, although if you get caught with drugs while traveling you are basically fucked. There are plenty of money scams you can do on the road, some of which are in back issues of this zine. Panhandling is an obvious default for some people. Otherwise you can look up traveler's aid, hit up churches with your sob story, apply for emergency food stamps if you're staying somewhere a few days, sell stuff you steal etc.

I know there's more, but for now that's all I can muster.



you've taken your RDA of street smarts, you'll be OK. Some of those considering hitchhiking:
When a car pulls over, be sure to ask them where they're going before just jumping in. You may want to be somewhat picky about rides. For instance if you're at a good spot with lots of visibility, lots of traffic and where it's easy for cars to pull over, you don't want a ride that will take you a mile down the road to a shitty spot. It helps to have an atlas or map handy to show drivers where you're going.



Map literacy to Avoid: »Big c

Avoid: »Big cities. Try to get rides through cities, not to them unless that's where you're headed already. Cities are the worst place to get picked up, since most cars are only going down a couple exits, it's very difficult to pull over and cops are in full force.

»Standing on the road. Keep off the actual highway, stand or walk next to it, it may sound stupid but people do get hit by cars while standing (often ignorantly) in traffic's way. Keep to the side, but in good visibility.

»Dehydration.

»Trying to get picked up at night. Not that it's impossible or even unfavorable to travel at night, but it's a lot harder than during the day. I think drivers tend to be a little wary of dark figures on the roadside. It might be easier to just find a place to crash and leave early in the morning.

»Losing your bearings. Once while trying to get home from Carbondale, which lies deep and high in the mountains, I got a ride who took me on a side road (with all the best intentions, I'm sure) and got me stoned out of my mind, leaving me in the woods guessing which way to walk to the highway. When I finally found the highway, I couldn't figure out which direction Denver was. I sat by a clump of trees laughing to myself and drinking water until I could figure out which way was up costing me a good half hour of daylight.

»Counting cars

»getting pissed off at people waving at you and speeding by

ID: It may be smart to have an ID. Cops have regularly hassled me while on the road. Hitchhiking is illegal in some states and they may (they have before) haul you in if you don't have ID. If you don't have warrants, they'll most likely send you on your way after kicking you off the interstate. Be prepared to have all your material possessions stolen by cops.

dangerous. I suggest trying to show you are a person who is somewhat on the ball. Common sense will save your ass if it comes down to a strong come on or confrontation.

Sexual favors: It's up to you if you want to or not, although I've never chosen to myself. Everyone who has propositioned me before has reeked of sleaze and has come across to me as quite undesirable. I just say I'm not interested and it usually is left at that. Occasionally someone will get extremely pushy and then I just have them drop me off, but it's usually no big deal. I've also only been asked for sexual favors by men, usually in their thirties to late forties. Never by younger men or women. Not that it never happens, just never to me so far. I've heard countless stories of rides getting very pushy with women though. As I said before, speak firmly and carry a big knife (and a partner).

Signs: I usually make a fairly large sign that looks pretty. I make them clear with big letters and usually put something cute on them like flowers or mountains when I'm heading back to Colorado. It's probably a good idea to out the closest big city or destination you're headed to next, or one that you would think would take you the right directions.

Finding a place to sleep: If you're in a city, meet people on the streets, ask around be friendly and make it known you need a place to stay for the night. Punks can usually lead you to a friendly punk house or squat that might put you up. Treat everyone with respect that helps you out, no matter how grumpy you're feeling. Nobody owes you shit; what help you find traveling comes from the goodness of others (people have been incredibly generous to me on the road for which I'm very grateful) and it's wise to show them how much you appreciate their help. I usually try giving something in return like washing their dishes or cooking them some food. If you're in the boonies and can't find shit, be creative. Abandoned

cars, dumpsters, highway overpasses, rooftops and bridges all make great shelters.

Food: I always try to leave home with lots of foodstamps and they've always been a blessing. When I run out or if I'm in a foreign country where my stamps don't count, I find myself stealing food regularly. Ask for soup kitchens or food banks when you get into an urban area. Of course, dumpster diving is an obvious source of food even at home. One has to be quite stubborn and very stupid to starve in this here country. Again, just ask the first hobos or punks you see where the action is at and you're set.

The Spike Anarky network (as Lawrence Livermore would call it): There's a good number of train hopping, hitchhiking punk squatter types who travel around, act very punk rock and are constantly fucked up. They of course hate authority and break 40s after drinking them. It's nice to meet people who know people you know from different parts of the world, but I could care less about stumbling through the world drunk, so I try to find more interesting things to do.

Germany is hitchhiker friendly as fuck. People are incredibly trusting and quick with rides plus there is no speedlimit on the Autobahn, so you'll get places much faster than you would by train or bus. Switzerland, however is not friendly, nor is much of the old East block.

RESOURCES

The Crash Network is a network of different people offering their homes as a crash pad for travelers on the network. There's a very reasonable "crash code", sort of a code of conduct for participants that goes along with it. If you're interested in becoming part of the list write to Crash / 519 Castro #7, San Francisco, CA 94114 USA or email: crash@bam.com. They also do a zine called Crash which is quite good and has fun travel stories. Send them your travel stories and I'm sure they'll be delighted and possibly print one.

Airhitch: If you are trying to get overseas, this will get you across the great pond for less than \$200. You sign up at one of their offices, give them a few preferable destinations, pay the \$, give them a number you can be reached at and wait till they find you an empty seat on a plane. I know someone who tried this and it sounds like a decent cheap way to fly. Write for information to AIRHITCH, 2790 Broadway, Suite 100 / NY, NY 10025 (212) 864-2000

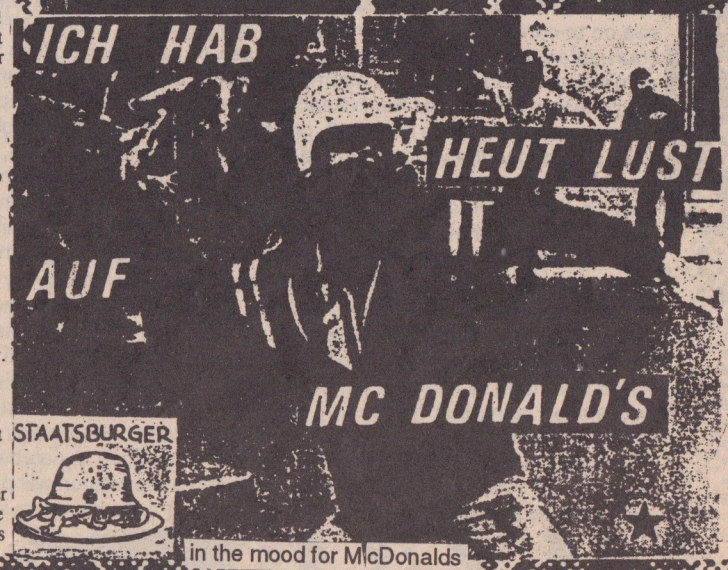
UniTravel advertises \$199 one way tickets to Europe (800)325-2222

The Airline Passenger's Guerilla Handbook is supposedly a great guide to finding cheap ways overseas, although I've never seen it. **Freer Places** describes 20 areas having fewer taxes and restrictions, more tolerance, much cultural variety etc. Plus practical tips for living freer most anywhere. 40+ pages (some shrunk). If what I got was what they are advertising, it's neat, but not all that practical for traveling but nevertheless

I had a copy of Let's Go Europe which contains every halfway large city in Europe with listings of where to get cheap, vegetarian food, good places to hitchhike out of, Youth hostels and cheap places to stay, bars, tips on currency exchange, contacts for rape crisis centers, gay centers, some useful information and tips relating to the country's cultural and political situation and of course what sights to see, but I pretty much ignore that. Be sure to get a current copy, I found my copy to be pretty out of date (and it was only a year old).

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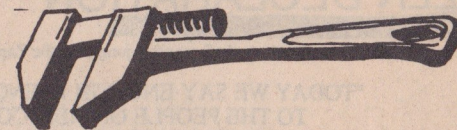
in the mood for McDonalds

ANNOYING the ESTABLISHMENT

After many inspiring and usually very funny tales from Dave the Destroyer the Employer Annoyer, as he likes to call himself, I've found that even if practising petty yet purposeful and sometimes powerful, political and often quite poetic pranks (perhaps pulled by pantheist punks) on putrid poultry poking politicians, power figures and their preposterous pawns may not cause complete social revolution, it does drive some of the pigs out of their pea sized minds, as well as provide great interactive entertainment for the dispossessed and the bored. We are their karma. No more yawning and complaining about malicious and mean motherfuckers that make more money off murder and war and exploitation in a minute than you will ever see in a millennium. No, instead mobilize to mock, missile, mine and monkeywrench their machine to a million molecule size morsels.

Drug Tests • some over the counter drugs which supposedly almost always give false positives during drug tests are listed here with the typical period of time can be detected by conventional drug tests: Vicks Formula 44 (1 day), Triaminic DM (1 day), Primatene Mist (1-3 days), Dexatrim (1 day), Co-Tylenol (1 day), Benadryl (1-2 days), Midol (1-3 days), Premasyn PMS (1-3 days). So if you get called in for a drug test for any reason take some of these the night before and/or before going in and let them know you did. The results will come out positive whether you did or didn't use the "illegal" substances. Also the breath mint "Nu-Breath" supposedly masks alcohol on ones breath, and supposedly can also foil less sophisticated breathalyzers.

How To Sabotage Hunts • Go into the woods the day before hunting season and try to drive wildlife away from commonly hunted areas. Play loud radios and recordings of wolf howls, and walk with dogs on leashes. Such tactics are particularly important for younger animals who have not yet had the traumatizing experience of being hunted • Place the stuffed animal toys around commonly hunted areas. Hunters often don't take the time to determine if an animal is real. Better to have a hole in a cotton rabbit than a real one-- and the noise of the gun going off will help scare away real animals. • To break potentially dangerous wildlife habits, place deer repellent (available at feed and hardware stores) along deer tracks, which hunters use to stalk them. This will encourage the deer to move away. or, just scoop a bag of human hair from a barber shop and hang handfuls of it in little mesh bags about two or three feet from the ground, along the deer track. • Plaster the floors of hunting blinds with cow dung, rotten eggs or other unpleasant substances. tear down tree stands. • If hunters use dogs in your area, try to get hold of a female dog in heat and lead her, on a leash through heavily hunted areas. Horny male hunting dogs will get wind of the female and lose their enthusiasm for chasing rabbits, foxes, or deer. • Soak garlic cloves in water or make a lemon juice solution and using a spray bottle, spray leaves and trails to throw dogs off the scent. • Hunters often like to ambush animals by setting out food and then hiding in blinds. Piles of apples or other "bait" are set out a few days before hunting season to encourage animals to linger in a certain area. To thwart this, remove the food piles a few days before hunting season. If there is too much food to carry away, spray it with deer repellent or human urine, and spread human hair clippings all over the area. • During the actual hunts, assemble a group of people early



How To Build Your Own Underground Television Transmitter

13-Jun-88 Outlaw Telecommandos 01-213-376-0111

yes, for some time now it has been possible to construct a clandestine television station, which you can operate from your Telecommando Lair, or modify for Mobile Media Guerilla campaigns.

We have named this device the Snow Box, due to its cool nature, and the snow seen on blank television channels waiting to be commandeered.

To put together a TV station, you will need this stuff:

- A VCR or Camcorder with video or RF outputs
- A ham radio six meter Band Linear amplifier (this boosts the RF signal from the VCR for broadcasting) The Linear Amp should have a bandwidth of 6 MHz for best results. A cable television RF distribution amplifier may also be used.
- Coaxial cable with UHF connectors (Connects the Linear Amp to the antenna)
- A cable TV patch cable with an F-connector and a UHF connector (to connect the RF signal to the Linear Amp). F-connectors are the small ones used with cable TV. UHF connectors are the large ones used for Ham Radio.
- If your VCR does not have RF outputs:
An external RF modulator (converts video to channel 3, 6, 12 etc.)
a cable with RCA connectors (a standard stereo chord is OK)
- a six meter Ham radio antenna. If you don't have a pre-made 6-meter antenna, get ahold of about twenty feet of strong wire, 3 ceramic antenna insulators and another UHF connector.

Likely places to get the linear amplifier, connectors and cables is a Ham radio swap meet, a Ham club newsletter's classified ads, a buy-sell-trade paper like the Thrifty Nickel, or at a store specializing in Ham gear. RF modulators are available at specialty video stores, or major VCR dealers.

Setting Up the Transmitter:

Using a VCR with RF out:

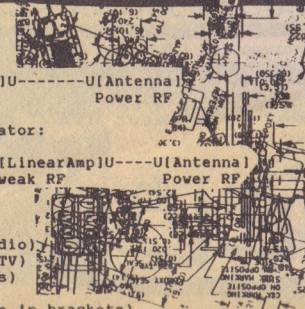
[VCR/RF]F-----U[Linear Amp]U-----U[Antenna]
weak RF Power RF

Using an External RF Modulator:

[VCR]R---R[RFModulator]----U[LinearAmp]U---U[Antenna]
video weak RF Power RF

Diagram Symbols:

- U UHF-connectors (Ham radio)
- F F-connectors (cable TV)
- R RCA connectors (stereos)
- coax, cables, wires
- [] devices (name of device in brackets)
- <I> ceramic insulator (the kind with a hole at each



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DISABLING BMWs, COP CARS AND ECORAPE EQUIPMENT • Jam door and ignition locks with slivers of wood, super glue and/or silicone rubber sealant • Sugar and syrup are ineffective in gasoline or diesel fuel tanks or oil reservoirs. At best they merely clog the filter. A handful or more of sand in the fuel tank is much more effective and much easier. You also don't have to carry around incriminating items with you like sugar or a bottle of Karo syrup. • Pour a gallon or more of water or brine into the fuel tank • Pour dirt, sand, salt or a grinding compound (like Carborundum) into the oil filler hole • Pour water into the oil filler hole. Amount depends on engine size - at least 2 quarts for a V-8. The point is to make sure to use enough, so that the oil pump will draw only water. the water should maintain oil pressure while not lubricating at all • Slash tire sidewalls. Sidewall stabs cannot be effectively patched, whereas tread stabs can be. On some tires, cutting the valve stems is an easy way to flatten them • Smash fuel pump, water pump, valve cover, carburetor, distributor or anything else except for the battery (for your own safety) or brake system (for their safety). Use a sledge and a steel bar for precision blows • Pour water and/or dirt into the air intake (the big hole usually right under the air cleaner). The more, the better • Pour gasoline or other fuel into the oil reservoir. It will break down the oil and the oil filter will not remove it • Put battery acid or some other corrosive into the radiator • Put Carborundum or other small abrasive particles in the gearbox • Pour a box of quick rice in the radiator.

Stationary stacks sell smoothly to supermarkets • I read somewhere or

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Building The Dipole Antenna:

wire
Short coax UHF connector

The antenna is set up much like a clothesline with the wires tethered straight out horizontally. the outer insulators are used to isolate the antenna from the tether lines, which should be rope or nylon chords for good results. The inner insulator isolates a gap between the two long wires of the antenna.

The length of the wires used for the antenna is critical. Look up the length in feet for the channel you want to use in the table below and make each of the two long wires that length. As a rule of thumb, a wire half-wave antenna's length is equal to 468 divided by the frequency in MHz.

VHF Television Channel Data

TV channel	Mhz range	carrier video	carrier sound	antenna lengths
2	54-60	55.25	59.75	8.47ft
3	60-66	61.25	65.75	7.64ft
4	66-72	67.25	71.75	6.81ft
5	72-78	73.25	77.75	6.05ft
6	78-84	79.25	83.75	5.22ft
7	84-90	85.25	89.75	4.49ft
8	90-96	91.25	95.75	3.76ft
9	96-102	97.25	101.75	3.03ft
10	102-108	103.25	107.75	2.30ft
11	108-114	109.25	113.75	1.57ft
12	114-120	115.25	119.75	0.84ft
13	120-126	121.25	125.75	0.11ft

(All frequencies in MHz)
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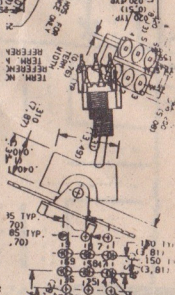
Stolen stinky steaks sell smoothly to supermarkets • I read somewhere or other about a guy who would steal the most expensive slabs of meat he could get ahold of at the supermarket , let them sit out in the sun for a few hours until they began to stink like the rotting corpse they are and then return them , completely disgusted for a refund. After the mere thought of consuming that vile smelly thing that passes as food, the criminal could no longer continue as a carnivore. Always pull up survey stakes

Koffee krazed Kaos krushes ComPuTers that Kill • There's so much one can do to computers that help organize and plan such things as Real Estate sales, court dates, a security company's database or keep mailing lists for say, Christian right wing organizations that attempt to keep ordinarily quite natural and enjoyable things secret and taboo. For instance an easy way to damage important and expensive equipment is to drop it, preferably from somewhere high like an elevator shaft or window (the window should be at least a couple floors up, otherwise you might as well hand it out the window to an accomplice and use it to put out magazines like this) • a disk covered with Shoe goo or liquid plastic may cause interesting results when inserted in the disk drive • water may be squirted into the innards of a computer (beware:pissing into a computer while it is on may cause you damage) • it isn't too hard to reformat (read erase) a hard drive or individual disks • try (de)constructively altering important information • a magnet rubbed against a disk most probably will cause strange and unpredictably altering effects to information stored on it (this can be done pretty discreetly) • good computers are very easy to sell for decent cash • Aside from theft or physical damage, it may be a clever accomplishment to just alter information going out. Not overtly noticeable but cleverly orchestrated to cause chaos to capitalists cash schemes. Like drastically undercharging or overcharging customers, altering, adding or removing key addresses in databases (or switching databases). Inserting creative prose into boring information will probably also liven up someone else's dreary life as well as your own. Poetic terrorism knows no bounds

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8	180-186	181.25	185.75	2.58ft
9	186-192	187.25	191.75	2.49ft
10	192-198	193.25	197.75	2.42ft
11	198-204	199.25	203.75	2.34ft
12	204-210	205.25	209.75	2.28ft
13	210-216	211.25	215.75	2.21ft

(All frequencies in MHz)
(Lengths are for half-wave antennas)

For further information : Look in the ARRL Handbook published by the American Radio Relay League for detailed plans and theory for antennas, transmitters and linear amplifiers. The info in that book can be used for setting up an underground Am or FM radio station.

Public Education: Make a videotape of each step in the process of constructing your transmitter. Show this tape in your broadcasts, "For informational purposes only", of course.

Short-burst zipping: From a fixed or mobile base of operation , show short snippets of graffiti like computer graphics, quick subliminal messages, images and suggestions,

or brief phreaker manifestos. Commercials are an opportune time to break into TV broadcasts.

Live call in shows: Using a cheese box or other device for receiving untraceable phone calls and a video camera, do a live call in show. Encourage people to call in using Red, Blue and other phreaking boxes.

Cable TV Piracy: With modifications it may be possible to feed the power RF signal directly into a cable TV system, overriding cablecasts or commandeering unused channels.

Mobile operation: Using storage batteries and a 110-volt inverter the transmitter may be modified for mobile use to avoid detection by the FCC during long broadcasts. Battery operated mobile linear amps and portable camcorders are also available.

(I stole this article from an old issue of Iron Feather Journal, PO Box 1905, Boulder, CO 80306 usa. I haven't heard of anyone whose done this or used these instructions, so I don't know if it really works. Oh yeah, I wouldn't actually advocate doing this, these detailed instructions with tips on how to use them are only for informational purposes, not to unleash your imagination or anything.)



Mussolini and his mistress hang together in Milan

KLANBASHIN

have a heavy intimidation factor, but one gang is like that and you fight all - a no win situation (but why fight just to win?).

In what way has prison changed you positively?

Prison has forced me to live to put it simply. My choices are limited, conform to the convict point of view or the administration point of view. I didn't consider those to be "choices", so I had to create an alternate for myself. My "choice" isn't popular. I'm at odds with most of the prison, the convicts consider me an "Uncle Tom" for not being part of the norm, and the screws consider me to be a "subversive uppity Nigger". Oh well, never could do what was expected of me. . .

Do you have any spiritual beliefs?

My spiritual beliefs are simple and complexed at the same time. I never bought into the "Father God" shit, and I don't waste time contemplating the nature of God. I'm a bit of a pantheist, I consider God to be the sum total of all things and that in our own ways we are all gods ourselves due to our creative aspects. I have no evidence of my beliefs except the faith that it is so. I study religions from a socio-intellectual point of view. All I've found is the words of mortal man justifying our actions with pseudo mysticism. . .

You publish "We Never Sleep". What problems have you run into with this and the prison?

Shit man, I caught the flux for doing WNS! Verbal Harassment, shake downs, "lost property", mail tampering. Last year I was beat up in the hole, and I just finished six months in the hole because of a frame up by my "fan club". I take it with a stronger attitude, just means I'm doing something right. The screws don't like it when we think for ourselves.

Do you have a sex life? What sort of pressure exists as far as this is concerned?

Do I have a sex life? hell yes! but not while I'm in the joint. I don't have a hang up about sexuality but I don't like the rationalization for homosexuality in the joint. Dark hued convicts outnumber others 3 to 1 in here, so you get a lot of homosexual predators trying to squeeze smaller white guys for sex and justify it by sayin' they're doin' it cause of what they done to "our people"(whoever they are). I'm not defending the underdog in this situation, if "white" dudes (God I hate that word!) were the majority there would be a lot of black dudes fuckin' right now (to me it looks like a lot of black people are in prison exactly because white supremacy is fucking them in the macrocosm of society - ed.). Its stupid, if you're getting fucked, you're a "punk"(fuck-boy, sissy, fag, etc.) but if you're fucking then you're a real man. YEAH RIGHT! What's the difference? Punks get no respect, but punks don't have to do it, they let themselves get manipulated into it most of the time. I ain't got no hang ups about sexuality, I'm bisexual by nature but hetero by choice. I don't like what is going on in here but I'm only one dude, I'm not stupid ...

Paul-X #205398
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Kincheloe, MI 49784-0001

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Articles on Area 51, CO KKK, columns, reviews and more.
Issue #6 Interviews with NEUROSIS, and TIT WRENCH
plus Articles, columns, reviews and much much more.
Will be coming soon for \$1 ppd from Yellow Zine 123B W
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Ant Queen

IN 47402

By this anecdote from Indiana's Klan history, first something general about this history: In the late 1910s and through the 1920s, Indiana was virtually a Klan state. The Klan was headquartered in the circle in downtown Indianapolis, one block from the state capitol, the governor at the time was a klanman, as was the majority of Indiana's population at the time. In Indiana--and throughout the north, was not blacks, but German Catholics, who were suspected of sympathizing with their home country during world war and morally, not unlike most sectors of the religious right today. There were so few blacks in the state apart from Gary and the region, to whose factories southern blacks had migrated in search of industrial work and morally, most klansters--apart from some renegade sects--were thoroughly opposed to the Klan, and expelled members whom they found "consorting with the enemy".

Indiana's Klan history, a native of Peru, Indiana (formerly hapsburg, but renamed during the conflict with Germany). Highnam was an ex-marine who had served in World War I, and in Germany in 1917-18. To date--1923--he had seen the worst fighting and misery that modern regimes were capable of. He moved back to Indiana, and so he decided to take action. Revving up his jealousy, he drove as fast as he could down the middle of main street, scattering the klanmen in his path. He was not one of them, the townspeople joined together with him, highnam yelled "I've seen the ugliest fighting in places you fools would be scared to look at on a map!" with that he broke free, grabbed a rifle and started shooting. He was not one of them, the townspeople joined together with him, highnam yelled "I've seen the ugliest fighting in places you fools would be scared to look at on a map!" with that he broke free, grabbed a rifle and started shooting. He was not one of them, the townspeople joined together with him, highnam yelled "I've seen the ugliest fighting in places you fools would be scared to look at on a map!" with that he broke free, grabbed a rifle and started shooting.

KLANSBASHING IN PERU

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UPRISING IN CHIAPAS

INSURGENTS DECLARE WAR IN CHIAPAS

While many of the major newspapers in Mexico awaited the count down to the initiation of NAFTA, on Jan. 1st a group of combatants stole the headlines. Hundreds of campesinos naming themselves the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN) declared war against the Mexican government and the national elite (see their manifesto, opposite page). In the state of Chiapas, EZLN devised & executed the occupation of five towns, then soon took 2 more. In one bold stroke the Zapatistas, for the most part indian peasants, jarred the conscience of millions around the world to the problems of the poorest sectors of Mexico.

Close to 2000 well-armed guerrillas are believed to be involved in the uprising. The rebels occupied government offices, the headquarters of the ruling PRI party, and sacked government archives, throwing deeds and bank records of the land-robbers into the street. In Altamirano, 25 guerrillas took sledgehammers and destroyed the government building, piece by piece. The Zapatistas also took over a state radio station, broadcasting their demands and music. In San Cristobal the rebels stormed a local prison and freed 179 prisoners wrongly jailed over land disputes, then left the prison to be sacked by local townspeople. Major roads were blocked with cars and trees, and "war taxes" and sometimes cars were collected from passing journalists and the wealthy. The guerrillas also captured several landowners, including Absalon Castellanos, a brutal retired general who ruled as Chiapas' governor during the death squad campaigns of 1982-88, who will now face "revolutionary justice". Rebels besieged the army base at Rancho Nuevo several times, and have shot several military aircraft.

For years the Mexican government has not only repeatedly ignored the problems of many of its poorest people, but also has repressed the popular movements for social justice. In the state of Chiapas alone the population, especially the indigenous population, suffers from the highest cases of death, malnutrition, illiteracy, underdevelopment of agriculture, lowest salaries, and crowded housing. Cultural and economic discrimination against the indians is constant and institutionalized. This

uprising against the rich land owners and corrupt government was timed to coincide with the enactment of NAFTA, viewed as the latest step in government attacks on the peasants' ejidos communal system. NAFTA has been described as a "death sentence" for indians. Said one Zapatista, "There is no work, no land, no education. There is no way to change that in elections."

After the initial declaration of war was issued, the Mexican Army belatedly recognized the threat and started to move into the area. Over 12,000 troops were sent

into the area, with on-site direction from the Defense Secretary. Immediately there were reports of severe human rights violations. On Tuesday, Jan. 4th, the municipalities of Acala and San Cristobal were indiscriminately bombed, killing hundreds of civilians. Journalists have also reported evidence of mass executions and torture. After heavy fighting in Ocosingo, captured rebels were lined and shot in the head; many corpses have also been left in the open deliberately to rot as a warning. The Central Independiente de Obreros y Campesinos (CIOAC) has issued a statement claiming the local and federal government have "lost control over the army and that the situation was worsening in the areas of conflicts". The Mexican Army has once again shown its readiness to abuse its people. The government continues to cloak their actions by

Although the EZLN has been driven out of the towns and into the rainforests and mountains, blowing up bridges and blocking roads to hold off troops, they continue to attack the army. The conflict even appears to be spreading outside Chiapas. Electric power pylons have been destroyed in two states, and at least one car bomb has been set off in Mexico City.

The Mexican government is protecting its international image by claiming that it is open to dialogue with the Zapatistas but continues to bomb civilians and deny access. Many respected figures of Mexican society have called for a stop to the bombings and human rights violations and demanded the withdrawal of the army from Chiapas.

We too must make this call. We on the northern side of the imposed border must take actions to put pressure on the Mexican government to cease its blatant violations of human rights and implement the just demands of the Zapatistas. There have already been actions a dozen cities, including Chicago where the Mexican Consulate has been visited twice, with some interesting redecoration done.

The EZLN takes its name from Emiliano Zapata, the uncompromising leader in the Mexican revolution of 1910. Zapata took back lands stolen and sold to sugar plantations that had one time been communally held by indigenous people. We fully support the EZLN and their refusal to have their land taken, their culture & language destroyed, obediently playing into the role of NAFTA refugees. As Zapata said, "It is better to die on your feet than live on your knees." Viva La EZLN! Tierra y Libertad!

(portions of this article were blatantly plagiarised from other radical sources. Information wants to be free!)

taken from WIND CHILL FACTOR bulletin 9.2 January-February 1994



for more information on the Zapatistas, check out the March/April issue of Love and Rage available for \$1 from Love and Rage, Po Box 853, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY NY 10009, also the March/April issue of Turning the Tide available from People Against Racist

the war dec + release + interviews off computer if you want to check them out

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Jose

Standing in a complete daze watching Spitboy, trying to get people checking out my box of zines and records to sign the petitions (they usually don't), trying to say hi to all the people I only see at shows and catch the eye of the people I only see while they're on tour with someone or other, remaining mildly paranoid of the maniacal moshers who are convinced that to have fun everybody in the place needs to mosh (or get moshed), while trying to find change for people buying stuff and enjoy myself at the same time, I meet Jose, Tit Wrench's drummer. He reveals to me that he had just come back from Chiapas where he had helped do a documentary on the Zapatistas. Wow, what a thing. Someone whose actually been there. It exists, the people are revolting! Immediately I decide to interview him, but as luck would have it there was no appropriate device in the neighborhood so I did it by mail. Jose seems pretty busy. He goes to college, plays drums in Tit Wrench, Swing Kids, Mesa Jazz Band and does shit w. Mecha as well as work a job and more of which I'm unaware.

Onion: I'm assuming you had the chance to interact with locals in Chiapas. What do you feel is the general feeling people hold towards the uprising? Is it really a popular uprising?

Jose: From what I could see, the Chiapas uprising was something that has been welcomed by most of those in Chiapas who dream of a different future. A future in which most of the population don't live in poverty and hunger. It is interesting to point out that while many innocent children starve in Mexico, Mexico produces 60% of all fruits and vegetables that are imported to the U.S. As you might see the conclusion is: Four out of

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What do you feel are their biggest obstacles?

While I'm not an "expert" on the EZLN, I think I have a pretty good idea of their program / agenda. I have read many of the beautiful and powerful statements by Commandante Marcos. While he speaks out against oppression and Dictatorship of the Mexican government over the people there, I would never see negotiating with the system as the solution. Here, I see the importance in stating my position: Because Mexico is a country that is oppressed by US imperialism, (a country which has been penetrated by institutions like the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank; see Noam Chomsky, "The Masters of Mankind", the Nation, March 29th, 1993), who suck dry the resources and economies of Mexico; it would take more than just rebellions or uprisings to resolve the situation. I see that a revolution is inevitable.

How are the guerillas organized?

At this point I don't think I should comment on this question. One, because I'm not so sure myself and two, because ... well many reasons. I will say that many of the guerillas are women. This is something of great importance, because not only must these women deal with the "three mountains" that oppress the masses 1) the semi-feudal system of landlords 2) the corrupt bureaucratic capitalists who control the national government, and 3) the international imperialist powers who continue to rob and strangle the Mexican economy; but also, they must deal with the "women question." That is to say, fighting patriarchal views amongst some of the "guerrilleros".

I have their war dec + press release + interviews off the computer if you want to check them out

Chiapas -> south south west

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I've read reports (in the capitalist press) of certain communities which have come across as pretty fearful of the EZLN hitting their villages and having to choose a side between the army and the rebels. Did you notice any of that among people?

This question kinda reminds me of the accusation by the "United Left" in Peru (along with Amnesty International and even groups like the Peru Support Group here) have argued.

It is true that people are "caught in the middle" between the state and the guerillas (particularly the EZLN). From what I could see, it is the Mexican government (along with US military support) that has massacred people in their homes, shot guerilla prisoners in jail, bombed whole villages etc. etc. For those who want more specific sources on this, write me. I have several reports by the mainstream "capitalist press" to various human rights groups who have documented on this question.

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Talk about the video

There are two videos that can be purchased for \$20 each. They were done with the help of the people in the group: the Center for Constitutional Law (in N.Y.). If people want more info on how to purchase it, or other info, write me for the address!

Do you know of ways to directly aid the Zapatistas?

Uhh ... again, I wish not to comment on this for now. But I will say this: Living here in "the belly of the beast" (as they used to say in the 60s) people in this country have a big responsibility to oppose US imperialism (in any form) and to side with those waging struggles against US imperialism (whether militarily or in the case of Mexico: economically, the US has historically and up to this minute has robbed its natural resources. While we may not see the US intervene (militarily) as it did in Vietnam, or Iraq etc.; we see in Mexico that US twisted the Mexican economy to serve US capital, turning everything it touches into profit, but untold misery and extreme poverty for the people.

What affected you most from your visit? Any other heavy stuff to get off your chest?

I guess I could say that for me, the uprising in Chiapas spoke to what I could call "historical possibilities". I guess I would say that out of all this, the uprising represents enormous challenges and opportunities. To paraphrase Lenin; (eaaaaek- ed.) whether these opportunities (of turmoil) are seized upon or not, has everything to do with the possibility of uprooting imperialist domination over Mexico once and for all.

What would you say is the punk to poser ratio inside the EZLN?
Punk rock.?!?

Jose Palafox
8540 Wade St.
San Diego, CA 92114

next
Chiapas → south america
AIM
How does AIM
stand on the Zapatistas?

The Incompatibility of capitalism and information

by Jim Davis

A central prop in *Star Trek* is Computer. Computer is capable of replicating almost anything the crew needs. Picard and company regularly request food, new machine parts, clothes, and other necessities from this remarkable machine. Could a society with those capabilities tolerate homelessness, starvation, illiteracy, and preventable diseases?

Four centuries separate the crew of the *Starship Enterprise* from today. But technologically, the distance is not that great. Even today, the NeXT factory in Fremont can produce \$1 billion worth of computers a year with eight workers. Bioengineers deploy bacteria to produce plastics in a vat - no need for the labor that goes into oil exploration, drilling, building pipelines, transporting the crude, processing it, or for that matter, sending armies overseas to claim and protect it. From raw materials to finished product, less and less labor is required to produce more and more with robotics, biotechnology, "smart materials," computers, digital telecommunications, and new technologies on the way.

In today's high tech production, raw materials, capital and labor are replaced with refined information in the form of computer programs, designs formulas, compression algorithms, DNA sequences, and so on. One could measure the changeover in a number of ways: the shrinking size of production runs that represent more design per unit; the rise in embedded "intelligence" in ROMs in products; the increase in education required to contribute in any given field; the percentage of design effort vs. duplication effort in a product; or the mushrooming percentage of people employed in information-related work (one study estimates that by 2000, two thirds of those employed will work in education or information related jobs). This move to an information based economy is upsetting the social apparatus.

Toffler observed at most ten years ago that "(I)f you use a piece of information, I can use it too. In fact, if we both use it, the chances are improved that we will produce more information. We don't 'consume' information like other resources. It is generative. . . . That by itself, knocks the hell out of conventional economic theories." To put it more bluntly, production based on information intensive technology just isn't compatible with traditional forms of ownership and distribution.

The incompatibility develops because information, the growing core of all products, can be reproduced and distributed at a tiny fraction of the efforts of the original. Contemporary production is more a matter of replication than manufacture. Economists noted 100 years ago that the value of an older machine (or really, any commodity) falls as cheaper but equivalent versions become available. This is equally true of computers, steel mills, toasters or corn. And so it is with information. A copy of PageMaker that costs \$500 has the same value as an unauthorized copy made using a few floppy disks and a couple of minutes of PC time. Once information gets out and about, its value drops to the cost of its duplication.

For products like music, books, databases, computer programs, and films, that point is already approaching, because more and more manufacturing processes are becoming information based, whether it be digital production, or molecular level manipulation, or genetic code modification. To quote Toffler again, "Second Wave industries used brute force technologies - they punched, hammered, rolled, beat chipped and chopped, drilled and battered the materials into the shape we needed or wanted. . . . The Third Wave industries operate at an altogether deeper level. Instead of banging something into shape, we reach back into the material itself and reprogram it to assume the shape we desire." As this situation continues to ripen, what with molecular electronics, nanotechnology and desktop manufacturing - to name a few new technologies - in the pipe, how can traditional forms of distribution hold? How does one price something that effectively has no value (because its duplication cost approaches zero)? Much less profit from it? If products (as various formations of information) face virtually no limits in their replicability, why not have copies of whatever for everyone who needs it?

In a recent issue of *Interpret*, the author Bruce Sterling made some particularly observant comments about information economy: "Information does want to be free - it doesn't want to be \$5 a baud. There's something stupid about that. . . . The idea of information as a commodity is just wrong. People say, 'if you could go into Sears and steal chairs, they wouldn't stay in business.' Well if you had a device that could make infinite chairs for free Sears would never have come into existence."

Sterling's observation that Sears (read capitalism, and one might add socialism) belong to an era of scarcity raises an important question: Can capitalism co-exist with the information age? And can the information age co-exist with capitalism? Certainly, as even its most ardent critics have observed, capitalism drives forward the technology by demanding a constant revolution in the way things are made. But squeezing the square peg of information into the round hole of the industrial-era of economy shears off many of its benefits in the process. In the information economy, the old structures start to get in the way.

among, say, competing incompatible database management products means that users are effectively forced into a product ghetto and handicapped when communicating with others who use different products.

Once the products make it to market, information companies behind the barricade of copyright and patent protection, may demand prices far in excess of the cost of research, development, and production. This pricing prevents their wider distribution and use. Explaining why product piracy is so widespread in the Third World countries, an economic professor noted, "A typical piece of computer software costs about as much as the annual earnings of an average Chinese person. An advanced textbook would cost a middle-class Indian a month's income."

At the same time, the private corporate control of information challenges the democratic tradition. Through corporate ownership of most publishing, broadcasting, telecommunications, computers, software, and so on, "the corporate voice, not surprisingly is the loudest in the land," writes Shiller. "Institutions such as public libraries and the public educational system, which have provided free and open access to information and knowledge, are being brought into the corporate sphere, either through financial dependence or the transformation of information into a salable good. In either case, the erosion of equal access to equal access to information in this country progresses."

The above examples suggest that capitalism has not been entirely kind to the information age. At the same time though, one could argue, the information age will not be too kind to capitalism. For bigger problems emerge than just how to control and price goods that have a growing information content. As more and more production is replaced with digitized forms of human effort and hyperproductive science, the information economy challenges the most basic assumption of our economy.

The industrial era system of capitalism is based on the notion that people work in exchange for wages. These wages are then spent to purchase back things. the circulation of goods requires money. But if the cash nexus is broken - because jobs, and hence wages, are no longer available - the circle is broken, and the system goes into a tailspin. And this is what has happened. We have the awful contradiction of an incredibly productive economy, and at the same time at least six million homeless Americans, alarming illiteracy rates, and entire sections of society consigned to a life of permanent unemployment, drugs and prison. In the Third World the situation is much worse.

The typical argument against this line of reasoning is that as old industries fade into historical oblivion, new ones rise to absorb the displaced workers. But, as Tom Forester notes in *High Tech Society*, high technology will not absorb the numbers of people cast out of industrial manufacturing. And as for the hopelessly optimistic government figures for the future of employment in, say the software industry, even that industry has been hit with stagnation and retrenchment over the past few years. Improvements in object oriented programming techniques and computer aided software engineering (CASE) are targeted at reducing labor-costs in software development. And the globalization of the labor market, sped up by computer technology and digital telecommunications, is hitting software production as well. Edward Yourdon speculates in his new book, *The Decline and Fall of the American Programmer*, that the US programmer will go the way of the US auto worker of the 1970s. Citing the rise of high skilled, low wage technology centers in places like India and the former Soviet Union, the once privileged American programmer must now compete with fellow engineers overseas earning a fraction of American salaries.

So even for work that does not lend itself to easy automation, or remains beyond the scope of current technology, the American worker must compete in the global labor market. Corporations seeking the maximum advantage are driving down wages to the world level. (Overall wages in the US have been falling for the past fifteen years.) At the same time though, they are pushing more and more of their goods beyond the reach of the shrinking paycheck. And the unavoidable compulsion to push up return on investment demands that companies throw even more technology at production, to drive down costs further ("raise productivity"). This only makes the problem worse.

Nor is this to say that there aren't plenty of things that could be done: for example, environmental reclamation, care for our aging population, education, or the million different paths to cultural exploration. It's just that these areas will not generate a profit unless they can be converted into commodities; and if so, are pulled into the vortex.

The problem certainly isn't, as democrats and Republicans alike have argued in the recent election campaign, one of productivity or "national competitiveness." Productive capacity well exceeds the market. Farmers are paid not to grow food, apartments sit empty (the national vacancy rate is 7%, far exceeding the number of homeless), and

almost one quarter of factory capacity lies idle. The problem is not "productivity". The problem is the inability to distribute the wealth of the economy to those who need it because the old model breaks down in the face of new technologies.

A 1990 San Francisco Examiner article reported on the work of computer scientists Hans Moravec of Carnegie Mellon University and Kalman A. Toth, of Silico Magnetic Intelligence Corporation. They described a future where robots and other technologies have lifted the standard of living, and will have replaced most human labor. The article then asked, with typical newspaper understatement: "But if robots indeed are able to take the place of human labor, critical questions arise. . . . First, how should the wealth produced by enterprises operated with robot labor be distributed to those who don't work or who work part of the time?"

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For example, if duplication becomes trivial, and anyone can do it, the only way that value can be propped up is through the rigorous enforcement of "intellectual property" laws - erecting artificial monopolies to protect the patent or copyright holder. That is, only by keeping it in its myriad forms from reaching its full potential by forcing it through a narrow channel of the market, can money be made from it.

So, as design and software - information and knowledge - become larger and larger proportions of goods, the economy moves onto the thin foundation of "intellectual property law". The precariousness of this kind of economy was evident last summer when Advanced Micro Devices, maker of 386 clone chips, received an unfavorable jury verdict in its interminable copyright war with Intel. In one day its stock dropped by 37% - losing almost one half billion dollars in value. Paperback Software declared bankruptcy after losing a copyright case with Lotus. And the future Microsoft Windows was intertwined with a judges decision on arcane copyright principles.

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If humanities suffers, so does science. Competition breeds secrecy, and information not shared is information robbed of its potential (because of the synergistic, "generative" effect of combining bits of information). This is especially true in scientific research. As corporate funding of university research grows (estimated at \$1 billion in 1989), "the information that is produced in the labs and studies of the faculty is no longer available." UC San Diego Professor Herbert Shiller wrote recently. "It goes to the sponsoring company. . . it is no wonder that *Science* magazine finds it necessary to publish articles that inquire, 'Data Sharing: A Declining Ethic?' and to comment that, 'Commercial pressures and heightened competition (in the universities) are testing the notion that scientific data materials should be shared.'"

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Or, in the struggle to conquer markets, companies needlessly duplicate efforts to develop new technologies. In addition, the fruits of competitive research efforts are often products that are incompatible with each other, wasting learning time, complicating the flow of data, and adding to the overall economic overhead. Choosing

And the globalization of the labor market, sped by computer technology and digital telecommunications, is hitting software production as well. Edward Yourdon speculates in his new book, *The Decline and Fall of the American Programmer*, that the US programmer will go the way of the US auto worker of the 1970s. Citing the rise of high skilled, low wage technology centers in places like India and the former Soviet Union, the once privileged American programmer must now compete with fellow engineers overseas earning a fraction of American salaries.

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The notion that big changes in the way a society produces things is somehow related to social organization is common currency among economic historians. And societies historically have reconstructed themselves (not automatically, and certainly not without some struggle) to correspond to new technologies - whether it be around the development of agriculture, the water wheel, the steam engine or the programmable chip. We straddle such an historical cusp today. Our challenge is to envision and struggle for social forms that cannot only accommodate new technologies, but can also unleash them for the benefit of all.

What might these social forms look like? Project Gutenberg, the Free Software Foundation, and the thousands of public domain and free software authors suggest some of the possibilities. But whatever specific shape they might take, they would emphasize cooperation, sharing and diversity, because these qualities spark more information - social wealth. They would emphasize education, because education builds the infrastructure for creating new knowledge. And they would acknowledge the requirement that the social wealth be distributed on the basis of need, because the enormously lowered cost of production eliminates scarcity and wages.

"Computer: Earl Grey tea. Hot."

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a couple comments to The Incompatibility of Information and Capitalism



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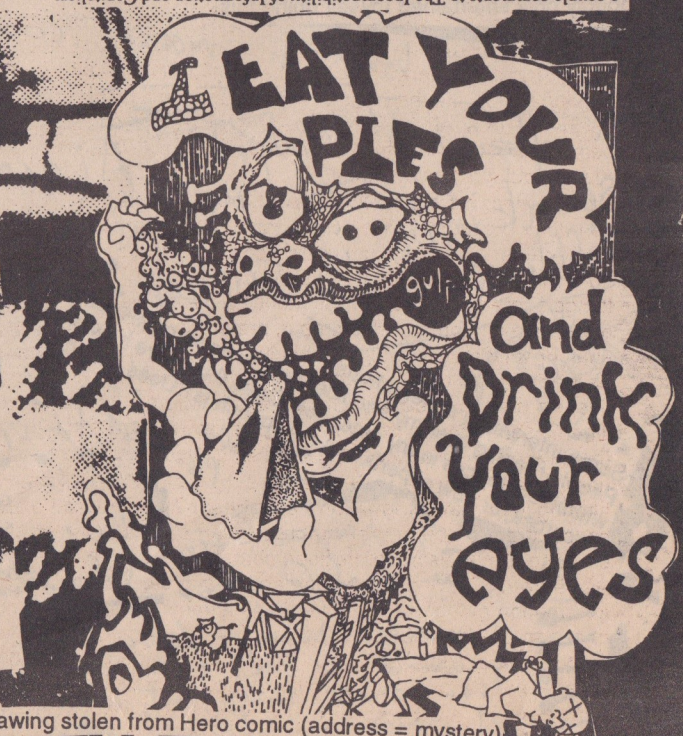
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a couple comments to The Incompatibility of Information and Capitalism

HEY!!! WRITE ME! I'M INTO: KAOS,
LOVE, TRAVELING, ANARCHO-TRIPKAY,
SHROOMS, AND THE RAINBOW FAMILY!
I'M 4 REAL AND I LIVE WHAT I FEEL!
WRITE ME: TREVIS, 6 ERICA,
Colo. Spgs. CO 80903



drawing stolen from Hero comic (address = mystery)

I'll start a movement!

SILENCE = DEF

not deaf,
def

SILENCE = DEF

I've decided to stop speaking until next Tuesday for the reasons I've outlined and decide

Most people respected my silence and didn't view it as strange. This took me by surprise. The first couple days I was constantly on guard for smart ass comments or mockery. But I got relatively little shit. A new guy at the liquor store by our house thought I was mute and treated me with a sort of peculiar respect which seems like it's usually reserved for handicapped people.

Besides Maoists look silly

what's better: a 100% of dogs beer or Mao's little red state

it make fun of the 1. the We stopped paying rent, so we'll stay until

It was Tuesday night at a coffee shop, the conversation was centered loosely around communication and I decided to stop speaking. The little girl in the movie The Piano had boldly and arrogantly told the people frustrated with her mute mother that "most people only speak rubbish anyhow", I agreed fully. Especially now when the conversation I was taking part of really only consisted of people trying to push their own points, not really listening to anybody or even feeding back to people who had said anything that seemed important at all. People using their vocal chords to put up a front, to create a mask of verbal nonsense in order to shield themselves from any real interaction or showing themselves as how they really are, using empty cliches to put up an acceptable wall of complete shit which keeps others outside, and themselves comfortably isolated in their shell. Talking alot of shit, never listening, never interacting, never learning, never feeding off others, but nevertheless always loud, always talking and always immersed in this verbal static that makes us feel comfortable. We were touching on these ideas in our conversation. Someone brought up how some Indian tribal elders pause for exceptionally long periods during a conversation before speaking and then speak with incredible clarity and power in their words. I realized how much empty shit I talk and how much I use devices such as sarcasm or cutting others down to hold my ground. How I can babble on without saying shit and how I try to rush myself into what I'm trying to put into words so fast that I have incredible trouble formulating my feelings or thoughts verbally and come off extremely inarticulate and often a fool in the process. I despise doing this and decided right then I would not speak for a week.

That night was Matt's 21st birthday, so we took him out to a new bar which brews their own beer. Matt does not believe in the natural forces of chaos. Chris and I do. Here is part of what I contributed to the conversation:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

MATT

Chaos is the order of nature. Love is chaos. Our bullshit we speak

Your chaos is ~~that~~ because sex releases and acts on forces of chaos. It confuses people to have to deal w. primal energy. It doesn't hurt. My chaos is a ~~primal~~ pain

Can I get 3 copies of this? Nobody thinks I'm crazy

Can think this is strange?

People don't seem that shocked as I thought they would.

My handwriting sucks. I usually need to rewrite keywords in my sentences for people to understand. Some people couldn't catch on at all to what I had to say and needed an interpreter to read my writing.

Mutually degrading or mutually uplifting

In a bar

RV an Aggie head? Rachel as a skinkchyle? Why don't you become a skinkchyle?

We're doing a walk for Harvard Peltier on the 29th!

I didn't feel at all like I was becoming quieter. I actually felt like I was much louder than normal. After writing someone a note, they take extra time out to read it and let it sink in. A lot of speaking can just go in one ear and out the other, often not registering at all. In this way I've had some really good conversations with people where a lot more was said and where we would listen to each other instead of just playing verbal ping pong or whatnot.

I AM KEEPING SILENT BUT I'M LOUDER THAN EVER

it seems like everyone is paying a lot of attention to what I write more than usual as necessary

there are cultures where people are very comfortable w. silence

Lozenzo wears baggy pants so he can steal stuff from Mayta's house

I got my w. covered (as in pants)

We stopped paying attention to the conversation. Don't make fun of JAC.

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A butterfly flapping its wings could cause a hurricane. Nothing can be determined or controlled by chaos. Chaos is a creative force. Chaos is the random primal force which is the random primal governable force. Love, anger, desire, or any real desire.

Why? That's semantics. The butterfly effect is following nature's impulse. Love

Eventually Matt got both frustrated with my definition of chaos and my refusal to speak. At times he was down right pissed off at me for my silence. And a couple other friends too, just about blew me off entirely and told people how annoying this experiment of mine had become. I don't really understand this even now. It doesn't take that much patience to wait for me to put my replies on paper. It almost felt like people were frustrated because I wouldn't do something that people are just supposed to do. One of my room mates told people how annoying I had become; other friends snapped at me to "just fucking say it!". I pulled some humor out of the situation, where I pretended to almost speak and then instead make peculiar odd noises with my throat instead, although I probably only entertained myself doing this.

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it seems like everyone is paying a lot of attention to what I write more than usual or necessary

there are cultures where people are very comfortable w. silence

It's a little like being stoned and having an one person during a conversation

Love triangle of God + He + HUHU

transformation (magick) = God Have you read Hegel? This is a synthesis = Thesis

cycle of neverending revolution. revolution as everything/body the green revolution we are operating in nature is cycle of transformation is God (HUHU) Does this sound silly? A little? No, but this means it's a convincing argument or you're easily convinced I hope the answer is

I don't agree w/ A but I understand it & understand it's not convincing? NO! You're contradicting yourself

I occasionally caused near accidents while giving directions or just chatting to the driver of a car.

like them sneaky + glib + curious

reach beyond the representational and spiritual death of civilization + that you will go to extremes to figure out something that

Lots of meat

to Zagreb in May

to Zagreb in May

one person during a conversation
I still feel like a
triangle of God + He + I
transformation
(magick) = God
Have you read Hegel?
Thesis + Antithesis =
synthesis = Thesis
cycle of never ending
revolution - revolution
as everything/body
is against itself
the present, past, future
are co operating in our world we
are co operating in our world we
are co operating in our world we
are co operating in our world we
is transformation is God (YHWH)
Does this sound silly? A little bit
No, but this means A it's a convincing
argument B you're easily convinced
I hope the answer is A
I don't agree w/ A but I
understand it, I understand
it's not convincing?
NO. You're contradicting yourself
occasionally caused near accidents while giving directions or just chatting to the

Eventually Matt got both frustrated with my definition of chaos and my refusal to speak. At times he was down right pissed off at me for my silence. And a couple other friends too, just about blew me off entirely and told people how annoying this experiment of mine had become. I don't really understand this even now. It doesn't take that much patience to wait for me to put my replies on paper. It almost felt like people were frustrated because I wouldn't do something that people are just supposed to do. One of my room mates told people how annoying I had become ; other friends snapped at me to "just fucking say it!". I pulled some humor out of the situation, where I pretended to almost speak and then instead make peculiar odd noises with my throat instead , although I probably only entertained myself doing this.

probably only entertained myself doing this.

I'll beep in morse code instead of speaking

I feel like I'm Aiaiai

speaking in cartoon Woof grrr woof

bubbles in cartoon

← Jibwage cry →

sentences for me. I have a lot of half predictable my dialogue

Some interesting observations:
 - Some reading over my shoulder tend to finish in
 - Some instances in my notebook. Does this prove how
 - Superfluous my speech is? Does it matter?
 - We need to go back to me
 - plv

People written sentence becomes, or how so

So I can look @ myself

I agree - this

Mr. ... since ... are things in people which

I write things down. when
I want to say them and
then cross them out when
it moves on. I'm not a
writer it yet. like now.

of a car.
 We can be a little late
 5 on Wahvater
 left on Fountain
 stop at Circle
 NOT
 We passed it
 2614 E. Fountain
 Thacker 203
 There is a
 one in castle
 speed traps
 this morning I caught
 some on walkman
 notes Heavy Metal

The only time I got genuinely frustrated not speaking was when I nearly lost my temper at Floyd (a dog) after he ate my walkman headphones (I paid good foodstamps for that walkman). After I cooled down some, I wondered to myself how I would talk my way out of a potential fight while walking down the street, or how I would respond to someone talking shit at my house. For instance when a visitor I don't know so well starts getting out of line, I snap at them and tell them to shut the fuck up or get out. I've physically kicked people out of my house for invading my space with their sexist, gayhating, racist shit before, but how would I have the patience to write all this down on paper and then expect them to read my literary retaliation while I'm still angry. I'm taking this as a sign that I need to work out my feelings before I shoot someone in the face with them.

one over if you want
being different from me +

Did you see what
you got back?

ANAL
for his

INVADER®
dildo
attacker
saying most
tongue from
speaking
more
clearly
to terminate
my
Also in learning
is filler.

This is our short story 2
FAX: available 24 hours
PHONE: Mondays, We
Z.A.P.O.
PLEASE NOTE!
We're not begging for
us.

I DON'T KNOW

Some other thoughts on language:
the only person I find w. is less aware
but has very little

Words tend to both reflect how one is and how one defines oneself. My frequent use of "I don't know" to conveniently end sentences, I've decided is hellu unhealthy and I feel needs to end. It makes it much to easy for me to truncate my sentences without really forming a solid idea. As a result I'm probably developing vague and very open ended methods of thinking and developing my ideas. By saying "I don't know" to finish expressing my thought when it becomes difficult to express, I in effect stop challenging myself mentally to figure out just what it is I'm trying to get at or what the solution to the problem I'm verbally monitoring is. In conversation it's easy to step out mid sentence when the point proving get's too strenuous by trailing off with an "I don't know" and letting other arguers jump in till I mold my thoughts into language comprehensible enough for others to get a grasp of. This never happened on paper, I had the time to formulate my thoughts more solidly as I wrote. So when I would make my statement or reply, it was there as I wanted it. The grasping for words and language was silent. By cutting out the "I don't know"s I'll be forced to develop my ability to construct my thoughts immediately instead of resorting to verbal crutches.

In a similar way, I'm trying to eliminate "like" and "you know", however I feel completely different about my frequent use of "fucking".

After about a week and a half I felt like I was getting less out of it. I chose to start speaking again. For some reason I felt a strange apprehension about speaking again. Everybody I deal with regularly had gotten more or less used to my silence and in a way I was not looking forward to dealing with people's reactions and jokes to hearing my voice again. Also, I had "told" a bunch of people that I probably would never speak again and hopefully would forget how. In fact I think I "told" so many people this that I nearly convinced myself of it. I hadn't uttered a word in a week and seemed outright peculiar to start again. When I did though, it seemed completely normal and I only got a standard remark from each person. I seem to make things into what they aren't. Funny.

A pot please!

Robert Anton Wilson in which he discusses the use of the language E-prime (English without the use of the "is of identity") as a vehicle for better, more honest communication with one self and others. I think it's available from Falcon Press

A pot please! 3 cups
is the line to Hell this long

ONE RELIGION = PUNK

Do you think it ever could be worse than being raised in a capitalist, meat eating, murdering culture?

at least she'd grow up w. a respect for life. Anyone eating the product of other's misery **DESERVES** to be shocked. Every us.

People who grow up mainstream are hurt so much more than Dharma could be; only Dharma will grow up aware of the misery whereas we're are only blissfully ignorant, or callous

The less damage the better

I saw that guy seat the shit out of another happy kid him down a flight of stairs and then 2 minutes later was him and said I'm sorry brother fuckin' 5 pipes
I have before
Would you have sex w. someone you can't stand?
but I prefer
at Ac + Platter
← Maryoka
after learning
how to drive
at Ac + Platter

He's spiritual racist + AIDS
victim 24-7, but his girl
friend until she started him
after he turned out + she missed
in, he came back to fuck her
up + we wouldn't let her

ZAGREB



In the beginning drinking, smoking the idea of chaos to ruin our world

In the first time and fur/leather our activities o would have to unnecessary, glueing locks,

In time, after t doesn't do any organization w are not pacifist us) because w not less import reason, we m minds.

By that time, w asked for a pe we went on. F but we spread showed) but p There were te some private

A month or tw while (frequent single thing (w August we pu Anarchism (r racism.

That first help office and as literature and of course

After we gr Most of the Only few w Croatia is v enough mon (around 500 We have a The new C big interest

At the n which is capital work is outvoted

started here
w/ + she moved
to back door
if left her

not my best
of another
down a flight
and then 2
my own
soul brother
brother

Would you have sex w.
someone you don't should?
I have before
but I prefer not to

Is the time to Hell this long
A pot please! 3 cups

ANAL

File

(don't pay on ~~the~~ like Therman

Did you work the past year?

Mexico - August W. the Capitalist/has

for his dildos

INVADER®

attach to form a
 clear yellow
 1/2 inch
 is taller.
 Also in learning
 to form a
 clear yellow
 1/2 inch
 is taller.
 Also in learning
 to form a
 clear yellow
 1/2 inch
 is taller.

NO 27



In the beginning (3-4 years ago) we were a small group of punx who, in spite of drinking, smoking grass, listening to loud music and other hedonistic activities, got the idea of changing the normal life and existing system, which we thought was going to ruin our world . . .

In the first time, we did A.L.F. (Animal Liberation Front) actions, because the meat and fur/leather industry kills much more animals than they have to, we concentrated our activities on fur/leather shops, because still live off meat (quite unnecessarily) I would have to add - ed.), but fashion stuff made of fur and leather are completely unnecessary. Our activities were small diversions, like breaking shop windows, glueing locks, writing anti-fur/leather graffiti, and so on . . .

In time, after the elections, it became obvious that war is imminent, if someone doesn't do anything against it. We decided to organize ourselves into a kind of organization which would connect ideas and principles of Anarchism and Pacifism (we are not pacifists by all means, but there was a lot of violence and destruction around us) because we thought that was the best idea for the following time. Other reasons, not less important was to educate people on the real meaning of anarchism. For that reason, we made a few posters, just to tell people to start thinking with their own minds.

By that time, war in Slovenia started, and we decided to organize a demo-meeting. We asked for a permit to organize it, but we didn't get one. Even though we didn't get it, we went on. First it was to be meeting against war, army, politicians and nationalism, but we spread it to an anti-police demo. It was a small meeting (around 30 people showed) but pretty successful. We made common people interested in our work. There were few police officers, but they didn't cause any problems for us, except some private security guards did.

A month or two later, the war erupted in Croatia. It forced us to stop our work for a while (frequent air alerts and weeks of black-outs). Till August 1992 we didn't do a single thing (we are ashamed of it) but then we decided it was enough "sleeping". In August we published the first issue of "Comunitas" zine, in which we described Anarchism (roots, aims, etc.), Pacifism (history, ...) and in opposite nazism and racism.

That first helped us contact people of Anti War Campaign. They let us work in their office and also use their equipment. At first , our work was collecting anarchist literature and publications, making contacts with other anarchists all over the world, and of course, further work on "Comunias" zine.

After we got possibilities to work in better conditions, we finished a new issue of 'Comunilas' zine Nr. 2/3. Most of the copies we sent by mail to individuals and organizations, or just have given to other people. Only few were sold. That's a bit of a problem cos we don't have constant money income (the situation in Croatia is very bad and members cannot give money for expenses of printing, because they don't have enough money for basic living needs), and the only money we've gotten was fro our comrades from Italy (around 500 DEM) and from comrades from Germany (100 DEM). This was mostly spent on last issue. We have about 250 DEM left, which we'll spend on the new issue. It'll probably be also a double nr. 4/5. The new 'Comunilas' will be on A4 format, and written in both English and Croatian language, because of big interest in other countries.

At the moment we plan our further activities. We plan to write a pamphlet on our stands about the war which is lasting in ex-Yugoslavia (relations of this war with New World Order Connection and International capital which use ex-Yugoslavia as an experiment). We'll write it also in English/Croatian version. Our work is pretty slow 'cos we make our decisions by consensus and not by false parliamentary, like

This is our short story about ZAPO. If you can or would like to help our struggle in any way contact us!

FAX: available 24 hours a day +384 1/335-230
PHONE: Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays after 8:00 PM +384 1/422-495

Z.A.P.O.

PLEASE NOTE!

We're not begging for money, but small donations would be very helpful. For further information, contact

NO CRUELTY! Anti-CD-Distro
we have a lot of zines, k't's,
ep's, lp's, patches (vegan/
animal rights), stickers,
and so on.

please, write for detailed
list

Your objectification of human beings makes me sick. It doesn't turn me on, it doesn't make me hard, it makes my stomach fucking turn. The degradation of human life on

THERE'S SO

achieve Anarchy we have to unite, and fight together . . ."

ZAPPO



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Fridays after 8:00 PM +384 1/422-495

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THERE'S SO
FEW OF HIM &
SO MANY OF US!



Your objectification of human beings makes me sick. It doesn't turn me on, it doesn't make me hard, it makes my stomach fucking turn. The degradation of human life on your billboards, in your magazines, in your commercials, as your selling point; it isn't cool, it isn't okay, and isn't to be taken lightly. Sexuality has become the ultimate commodity: consume, consume, consume, until there's nothing left. Consume until we've bled each other dry. Consume until we ultimately kill ourselves: our lives, our minds, our individuality, our assertiveness, our own free will. People have become robots ("I'm here to serve you, and only you"), and personalities have been exchanged for a perfect face and figure. The sickness grows as long as the profits keep turning, and as long as our stimulated eyes and greedy hearts are willing to pay for it. Fuck your image of a "perfect woman". Fuck your image of a "sexy man". Your shallow lust means slavery for all.

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL WE ALLOW MONEY TO HOLD PLACE OVER LIFE?



From the makers of notum zine 95b westend drive, el centro ca. 92243
on 4. limited - the way you want to see it

NO CRUELTY! Anti-CD-Distro
we have a lot of zines, k7's,
ep's, lp's, patches (vegan/
animal rights), stickers,
and so on.

please, write for detailed list!

We do also a vegan-hc/punk-zine
DOLORES ET ODIUM
(in german language written)
No. 2 ist out now!!!
It's yours for 4,50 DM (in Germany)



DOLORES ET ODIUM & N. C.
Ritterstr. 20 - 79639 Grenzach 2
Germany - Mother Earth

STOP WATCHING!



AND START LIVING

Change the world from inside out ! Ignore their "truth" ! Build the next reality out of love and strength !
Refuse to be made a commodity ! Discover the unusual and beautiful ! Burn down their shit ! Create ! Build
! Set yourself on fire ! Never acknowledge "adulthood" ! Always grow beyond limitations ! Plant the seeds for
a new reality ! Pure love and chaos !



MAIL TO

52¢
stamp
here



COME HERE,
I'LL LET YA
IN ON A
LITTLE
SECRET!

...THE
WHOLE
UNIVERSE IS
COMPLETELY
INSANE!!

IT
IS??

"Sri Syadasti. His name is Sanskrit, and means : All affirmations are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense." - Principia Discordia

I had a lot of weird feelings about this show. The Krishna thing was just too weird and just looking at the flyer was like an irresistible spiritual calling to heckle the religious nuts. I was already making plans in the back of my head. I could get together a small satanic militia to form some humorous opposition to the crusaders of the blue god. We could all wear silly shirts with a pentagram or some ode to Satan scrawled on it and hand out flyers that humorously , yet intelligently and clearly dissed the presence of these silly chanting wackos. I thought about it some more and eventually decided to give my self righteous ego a little break and just check out what all this commotion was really about. I brought my box of zines and records to sell and showed up halfway through Not For The Lack Of Trying's set. There were a lot of people and a decent number of robed Krishnas.

I had a friend who became a Krishna a while ago. It really wiggled me out for a while. He was intelligent and not at all the type to jump on the latest fad or whim. Shelter was his first real influence to head in that general direction. I never liked Shelter so I never really gave a shit or was in the slightest influenced by anything they said or preached about. Eventually my friend became a full out dedicated chanting devotee. I saw him at a show wearing a weird Indian looking shirt and beads were he came out to me as a

suppose that depends on how you would define spirituality. For me spirituality is defined loosely as really feeling life. Its sort of internal and abstract, so I couldn't really concretely describe it. It's learning and growing, feeling true joy from the root of my heart, feeling rage that comes from the soul. It's not superficial and can't be

a subjective analysis on the merits of the
HARE KRISHNA
and its involvement in our punk

learned from any one book or guide. It's beyond the material and involves the spirit. That is the part of me that feels, that compels me to do whatever I do. It gives me conviction , strength and life. I don't see this at all compatible with Christianity or Hare Krishna. They both are tightly regulated mindsets that exclude any independent growth or fulfillment. They



both rely on converts teaching themselves to learn how to feel fulfillment from certain fairly rigid beliefs and lifestyles. It is regulated spirituality and full of phony absolutes. I believe strongly that this sort of spiritual consciousness is essentially a

(which I wasn't). 108 started playing and blew me away almost instantly. It did take me a couple songs to overcome my Krishna block, though. The music was powerful and heavy as fuck. When they spoke they radiated sincerity. They didn't rehash hardcore cliches or spout off predictable anti government sentiment.

What they said was important and applicable to life. We do need to reject the shit (well, he probably said crap or dung) we are fed from all around us. We do need a spiritual revolution , we do need to be spiritually aware.

Try to make me bow down to you
Try to take my identity
Try to make me just another pebble on a beach
A green mind twists the plan
A cold hand to silence me, but I am out of reach
NO SPIRITUAL SURRENDER

108 played No Spiritual Surrender and I shivered. Over and over "No spiritual surrender, No Spiritual Surrender, NO SPIRITUAL SURRENDER !" That song sums up a lot of what I believe and feel. The Enquirer describes that song as a song of defiance to the material world. I hate materialism. I hate the cold structure that's turned almost all people and nature and whatever else a business man can fathom into commodities and resources. I hate religion and how it has crushed the wills and spirits of billions of incredible people and I am pushing beyond that. I won't give up either and this is not in the slightest linked with Krishna or religion.

Is this good or bad? Do I really want to give them shit for being Krishnas if what they're saying is basically cool , even if it is in a weird sort of perspective? Do I care if people become Krishnas? Yeah, but I would rather see a friend as a Krishna

inside to really feel life with. Krishna and its influence scares me , its not what I consider a good way to live, but neither is nihilism in whatever form one chooses it. It's not like those are the only two choices or anything : Krishna or nihilism. As far as I'm concerned, I'm not going to bother fucking with Krishnas , there are worse evils.

Both Shelter and 108 had good things to say and if people can take what they said with a grain of salt , great. Nobody will be brainwashed if they have any semblance of a critical mind. If people want to check out Krishna , cool, but spirituality doesn't need to come in a package. There's a lot out there that transcends what we've been taught, but anyone who falls for the first sincere sounding, convincing argument is a definite sucker. See dick buy a Shelter tape, see dick become enchanted by mystical eastern spirituality, see dick chant hare Krishna , Krishna Krishna, hairy hairy , oh shit what has this degenerated into?



**RACHEL RIOT
HAS NEAR
FATAL
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DOCTORS SAY
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Rachel is recovering slowly, but still

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Krishna. I thought he went crazy. I had read the MRR article about the brainwashing, gun running, malnourished, sleep deprived cult. He was intelligent but this was crazy.

I read Enquirer zine, the Krishna counterpart to No Answers. It completely lacked any solid defense of their religion. Ray Capps's diary from a trip to India was a masterpiece of brainwashed unthinking servitude and weakness. Like a sincere statement by someone so engulfed in religion that he lost his ability to think. Most of the other Krishna related stuff couldn't defend itself against any of the bullshit I knew or suspected about the Krishnas. The article comparing white power and black power was nothing but an empty religious sermon and showed no understanding of either concept.

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form of self repression more than anything.

"Shut up!"

I was sort of in a sour mood already, the last thing I wanted to see was the smiley guitarist with that happy empty look in her eyes blurt out her Krishna nonsensical babble. I was prepared for the worst. I had a bad feeling in my stomach and was scared of their influence on the people who had showed up as genuine fans

beach
A green mind twists the plan
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than a junkie or a drunk, both categories of which I have more friends in than I care to acknowledge. I thought about most people I know. Most who have any consciousness at all, have taken what they have in energy and intelligence and thrown it away. Most people I know have severe problems, whether its always being fucked up on drugs, letting themselves waste away at work or getting so bogged down by trivialities (well what I consider trivial) that there's nothing left

tape, see dick become enchanted by mystical eastern spirituality, see dick chant hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, hairy hairy, oh shit what has this degenerated into?



RACHEL RIOT HAS NEAR FATAL CEREBRAL HEMORRAGE. DOCTORS SAY PROBLEM CAUSED BY MAIL DEFICIENCY

Rachel is recovering slowly, but still is in desperate need for mail donors. Infinite Onion staff workers have gotten together a campaign to help raise mail to cure her mailnutrition problems. All donations in the form of letters and cool shit should be sent to 706 N. Royer, Colorado Springs, CO 80903. Every good letter will be responded to with a personal response from Rachel herself and a patch out of the cutout pile from Neverendingvegetable enterprises. When informed about the campaign for her health Rachel exclaimed: "Oh, no!!!! You saved my life."

🚗 The car is the single biggest source of atmospheric pollution. Its emissions contribute greatly to global warming, acid rain, ozone depletion and human

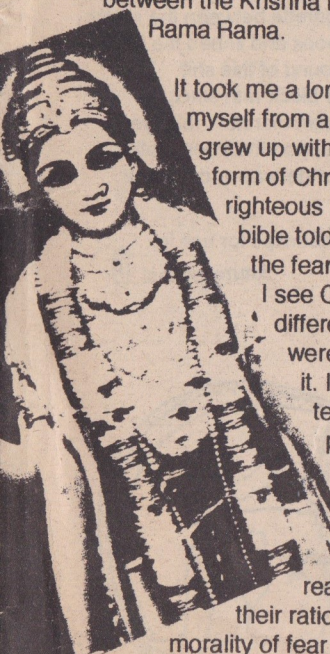
Cars



Penguins waddle when they walk on land and are a great source of amusement for humans.

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It took me a long time to wean myself from all the mindfucking I grew up with that came in the form of Christianity. The self righteous "I know because the bible told me so" attitudes, the fear of hell, denial, etc. I see Christianity a lot different than people who were never engulfed in it. It's dangerous and teaches people to punish themselves and constantly lie to themselves until they eventually their reality merges with their rationalizing. It's a morality of fear and denial and I despise it. I also see it as sort of a mental block against any real spirituality. I

form of self repression more than anything.

"Shut up!"

I was sort of in a sour mood already, the last thing I wanted to see was the smiley guitarist with that happy empty look in her eyes blurt out her Krishna nonsensical babble. I was prepared for the worst. I had a bad feeling in my stomach and was scared of their influence on the people who had showed up as genuine fans

than a junkie or a drunk, both categories of which I have more friends in than I care to acknowledge. I thought about most people I know. Most who have any consciousness at all, have taken what they have in energy and intelligence and thrown it away. Most people I know have severe problems, whether its always being fucked up on drugs, letting themselves waste away at work or getting so bogged down by trivialities (well what I consider trivial) that there's nothing left

have gotten together a campaign to help raise mail to cure her mailnutrition problems. All donations in the form of letters and cool shit should be sent to 706 N. Royer, Colorado Springs, CO 80903. Every good letter will be responded to with a personal response from Rachel herself and a patch out of the cutout pile from Neverendingvegetable enterprises. When informed about the campaign for her health Rachel exclaimed: "Oh, no!!!! You saved my life."

☛ The car is the single biggest source of atmospheric pollution. Its emissions contribute greatly to global warming, acid rain, ozone depletion and human ill-health.

☛ Cars create untold waste. Car and road construction requires the extraction, processing and transport of huge amounts of metals, plastics, acids, glass and rubber. Each process creates its own environmental hazards and wastes vast amounts of land, energy and labour.

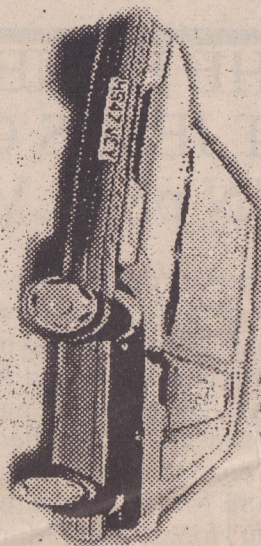
☛ The car uses more than a third of the world's oil and plastics. Oil extraction and transportation is responsible for devastating pollution, the destruction of unique ecosystems and has major cause of several wars.

☛ Road accidents killed more than 5000 people in Britain last year, while there were a quarter of a million reported injuries. Non-human casualties have never been counted.

☛ CARS ARE CRAP.

Cars Vs Penguins

Institute of Fatuous Research



Penguins waddle when they walk on land and are a great source of amusement for humans.



Penguins chase fish and eat them.



After a swim, penguins lift themselves onto a bit of iceberg and clean their feathers.



Like an avalanche of waiters, whole crowds of penguins will launch themselves into the sea one after another.



Penguins have streamlined bodies so they can move through the water with ease and style.



PENGUINS ARE AMAZING.

Free food • we tried this at a Carl Junior's in Tucson but I'm sure it works at a lot of other fast food places with an all you can eat salad bar. Just

dumpster a plate and bring it back in and fill it up. We did this in a group of five and were really quite obvious, but didn't even get bad looks. • We do this all the time. Call your most hated right wing anti choice pizza delivery (Dominos comes to mind) and order pizza to either a bogus address or to take out. Make sure you don't get something someone else might order later though cuz they might just send them your pizza. I usually get mine vegan with mushrooms on one side and green peppers and olives on the other. Whatever, just don't get pepperoni or mushrooms. If they ask for a phone number, go ahead and give them yours so they can call back and check. When the pizza doesn't get picked up or is sent to a bogus address they'll keep it under their heat lamps and throw it out when they close. We usually find our order ready on top of the dumpster still warm. • At places that sell bulk food, you can get pretty good deals by filling a paper bag with an expensive item and labeling the bag with the cheapest thing you can see. Usually the checkout clerk won't look inside but in case they do, just sprinkle a layer of what you're paying for on top. The bulk foods make great snacks to munch on while wandering through the aisles. • Free coke: There's an 11 digit code on the bottom of coke cans. The first is the last digit of the year and the next three is the day of the year it was packaged (so 2151

ANNOYING THE ESTABLISHMENT

Only squares and republicans work straight, honest jobs and actually enjoy it. I have a lot of trouble believing anyone who tries to justify their masochism with work ethics or right wing banter of feeling good about oneself knowing all one's income was actually earned honestly. (Yeah, but how much was earned off of you) Those of us with more erisian virtues and a little knowledge to work with have stopped working long ago, back when the black magic of the capitalists, sadists and control freaks stopped working on us. Working a job in a capitalist system is for schmucks who enjoy being ripped off by bosses and taxes (or who have expensive habits), giving the best of themselves for boss and country. There are too many reasons to stop giving yourself to the pigs and start taking back. There are also too many ways to get what you need to survive (and then some) outside of conventional ways. Some lefty folk affectionately call this the people's tax. In this spirit, we can also put forward the people's revenge: Independently and creatively fucking with the squares and working actively towards the day when no one will have square values or square structures imposed on them against their wills. Don't get caught!

Diet coke has nutrasweet in it which goes sour after 90 days. So grab a can of coke, backdate the first four digits about four months and call Coke at 1-800-GET-COKE. Tell them you got sick and it tasted like shit and wait for coupons for free Coke products. Read *American Pictures* for the low down on Minute Maid's (owned by Coca Cola) virtual slave plantations for moral obligation to act as Coke's negative karma.

CDs • I've heard of people who have reviewed 2 or three CDs for some paper or zine and ended up on a shitload of major label mailing lists. One could make up a slick form letter and send it out to all your most hated labels asking to send stuff to review for your first issue. Then take the booty to a used record store and cash in.

Fake events • This may be becoming somewhat a tradition here in Colorado Springs, especially where the religious prudes are concerned. Its

booze and ordeurs, make it open to all, have the event coincide in time and place with that of a board meeting, religious service, wedding, prayer meeting or car sale. Make it controversial so it won't go unnoticed. A good tactic for distributing fliers is to insert them into popular free papers you can find at stores/laundromats, pasting them up, posting them at schools and churches etc.

Money • Find someone willing to have their

ATM card stolen and and make some cash at it. Deposit an empty envelope on a Friday and type in you are depositing \$300. Over the next three days, take out \$100 a day and report the card missing. Hell, take it all out if you can. • I've seen some pretty convincing counterfeit ten dollar bills made out of photocopies. Use them in the dark. Remember fingerprints, the pigs hate

deviants with a passion. • Here's a good scam with the phone company. Call a working long distance number from a pay phone, ignore the computer voice telling you how much money to put in and wait for the operator to come on. Tell them you put in \$3 or \$4 before you dialed and aren't getting put through. Their computers have no way of knowing whether you did or not so they'll try to return your money. When it obviously doesn't work (because you never did put in money), they'll get your name and address and mail you a check for your refund. By trying this too many times in one day, you might risk getting the same operator twice, in which case they may catch on. I've heard they cut you off around \$300 in refunds.


Fuck with tobacco companies • Whenever you see a tobacco ad in a magazine, write "No subscription until you stop advertising cigarettes!!" on the subscription card and pop it in the mail. They'll get the message and pay the postage to boot. This campaign is to challenge national magazines, publishers to stop accepting Tobacco ad revenues. Over 1000 people die every day in north America. Tobacco companies also recruit over 3000 North American children every day. Philip Morris, R.J. Reynolds/Nabisco and other tobacco companies also support the **Partnership for a Drug Free America**.

According to the Nation, Philip Morris (makers of Marlboro cigarettes and Miller beer), & R.J. Reynolds (makers of Camel cigarettes and parent company of Nabisco), gave \$150,000 to the **Partnership for a Drug Free America** between 1989 - 91. - from Point Of Interest **Phone calls** • Inserting a straightened out paper clip in the center hole of the receiver and connecting it to the keyhole of a pay phone sometimes works to put you through. On some phones, however there is a protective metal plate protecting it from phreaks. Supposedly you can take a nail and knock out the offending bit of matter.

The Perkins Chrysler Plymouth solution: a discreet way to ignite the fuel inside offending vehicles (possibly ones whose sales fund groups that push the enforcing of legal Christian moralism) is to do the following: insert a BB into an empty medicine capsule. Then insert slivers of metallic sodium and chunks of carbide. Remember that sodium ignites in contact with moisture, so wear gloves and be

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY, INC.
is pleased to announce the
1st Annual

BOOK BURNING



Saturday, April 10, 1993
12 noon
Parking lot behind F.O.T.F. complex at
102 N. Cascade

In these perilous times of ruthless attacks on family values, we must learn to fight back. Preserving the morality of our people can only be upheld with stronger tactics. Tomorrow belongs to us!

BE ADVISED: THEFT IS A MORAL OBLIGATION

Dr. Dobson will be conducting a question and answer session following the event.

Copies of this flier mysteriously appeared all over town as a guerilla insert in Colorado Springs City Comix.

Call your most hated right wing anti choice pizza delivery (Dominos comes to mind) and order pizza to either a bogus address or to take out. Make sure you don't get something someone else might order later though cuz they might just send them your pizza. I usually get mine vegan with mushrooms on one side and green peppers and olives on the other. Whatever, just don't get pepperoni or mushrooms. If they ask for a phone number, go ahead and give them yours so they can call back and check. When the pizza doesn't get picked up or is sent to a bogus address they'll keep it under their heat lamps and throw it out when they close. We usually find our order ready on top of the dumpster still warm. • At places that sell bulk food, you can get pretty good deals by filling a paper bag with an expensive item and labeling the bag with the cheapest thing you can see. Usually the checkout clerk won't look inside but in case they do, just sprinkle a layer of what you're paying for on top. The bulk foods make great snacks to much on while wandering through the aisles. • Free coke: There's an 11 digit code on the bottom of coke cans. The first is the last digit of the year and the next three is the day of the year it was packaged (so 2151 was packaged on the 151st day of 92).

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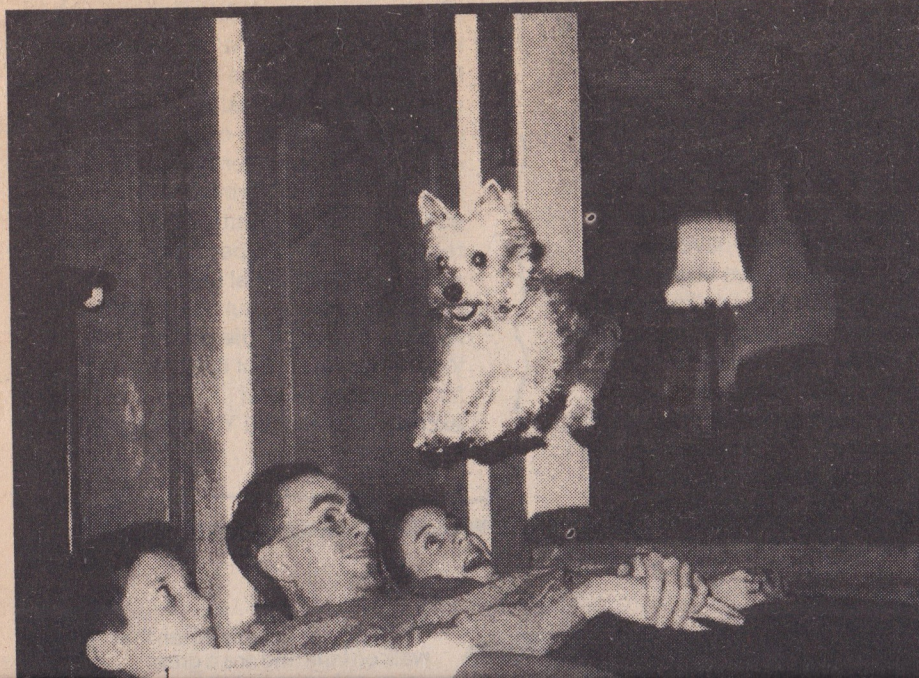
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Records & Stuff We Sell:

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|----------------------|---|-----|
| 87. FAITH/VOID | CD has Faith/Void Split LP and Faith 'Subject to Change' EP | (E) |
| 86. HOLY ROLLERS | 10-Song LP* | (C) |
| 85. SLANT 6 | 3-Song 7" | (A) |
| 84. HOLY ROLLERS | 2-Song 7" | (A) |
| 83. SCREAM | 'Fumble' (Final Studio Session)† | (C) |
| 82. SCREAM | 'Fumble' + 'Banging the Drum' | (E) |
| 81. SCREAM | 'Still Screaming' + 'This Side Up' | (E) |
| 79. CIRCUS LUPUS | 'Solid Brass'†* | (C) |
| 78. LUNGFISH | 'Rainbows from Atoms'†* | (C) |
| 77. JAWBOX | 2-Song 7" | (A) |
| 76. SHUDDER TO THINK | 2-Song 7" | (A) |
| 72. SEVERIN | 'Acid to Ashes + Rust to Dust'†* | (C) |
| 70. FUGAZI | 'In On the Kill Taker'†* | (C) |
| 14. DISCHORD 1981 | 'The Year in Seven Inches' | (D) |
| 7. FLEX YOUR HEAD | D.C. Sampler | (D) |

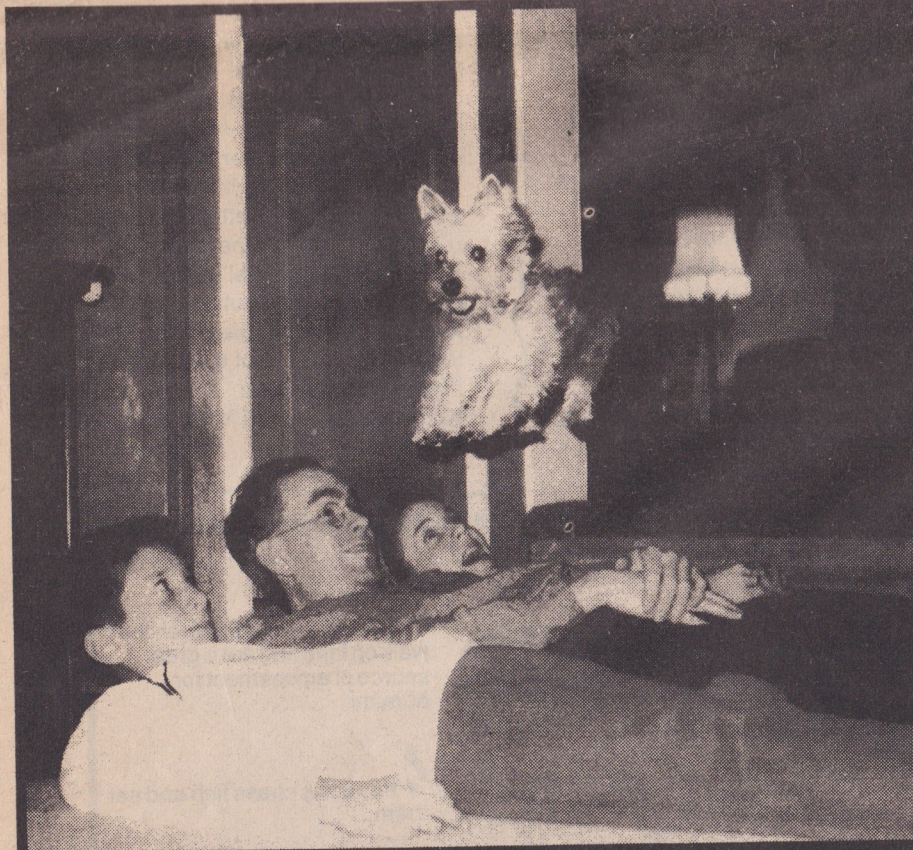
†Also available as cassette *Available as CD, price code ©

Price Guide, including postage, in U.S. \$:

	U.S.A.	SURFACE & CANADA	Airmail
7"	3.00	4.00	6.00

Fun with a lighter • shower of sparks first, remove the flint and spring which are under the striker wheel. Take the spring and pull on one end stretching it a little longer than the flint. Now take the flint and wrap one end of the spring around it. Hold the no flint end of the spring and heat the flint with your intact lighter until the flint glows. Then throw it across the police line, hopefully provoking the pigs into an uncontrollable and violent rage which would give you extra riot credentials for sure. • take the rest of the lighter, light one of the striker wheel supports, place it quickly underneath the mink coat which you already secretly desecrated with paint and corrosive acid and book out the door with the quickness.

Smoke bomb • mix 3 parts sugar with 1 part saltpeter and heat over a low flame until the mixture has thoroughly melted together. (It will look like sticky white lumps when ready) Stir it constantly and remove it from the flame right away



FLEX YOUR HEAD

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(B)	12" EP	6.00	8.00	11.00
(C)	LP	7.00	9.00	12.00
(D)	CD	8.00	9.00	11.00
(E)	MaxiCD	10.00	11.00	13.00

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please send one US \$ or
4 US stamps or 4 IRCs.




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LIST of records, send
us a US stamp or an IRC.

3819 BEECHER ST. NW, WASH., D.C. 20007

careful. The gas tank of an empty car and split.

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Smoke bomb • mix 3 parts sugar with 1 part saltpeter and heat over a low flame until the mixture has thoroughly melted together. (It will look like sticky white lumps when ready) Stir it constantly and remove it from the flame right away at the first sign of smoke. This can go off in your face if you aren't careful. it's safer to work with smaller batches. Now dump the "smoke powder" in a coffee can, add some match heads, moisten it with a little alcohol and add some gunpowder until all the smoke powder is coated to ensure that it goes off. Now tape a cigarette between the match heads in an unopened book and imbed the book in the mixture. A quarter pound of this shit supposedly can fill a city block with smoke. Dressed in a very anersian manner, take your coffee can to the first "support the troops rally" once the next war gets underway and begone.

Send in your scams and sabotips for use in future issues! 



LEARN THE HONEST TRUTH ABOUT JESUS CHRIST ATTAIN pSALVATION

Have your friends ever openly doubted the teachings of Christ? Do you have a desire to spread God's Good News? To a homeless person, or a hitchhiker, a Pninian refugee, or maybe your favorite grocery store clerk. Have you ever wondered what Jesus really meant when he said: "Every man is a liar." Do you know anyone who has seen the fnords and is no longer shocked or horrified by them? If you have answered Yes, No, or pmaybe to any of these questions, immediately send a SASE (or IRC if you're a former) to

Pnin Honest Truth Ministries
PO Box 263, Colorado Springs CO 80901-0263



The Western Shoshone Defense Project is looking for help with supplies and from what I hear, specifically a chain saw among other things. They are also still encouraging the more rugged people to come down and physically help out. *Western Shoshone Defense Project* General Delivery, Crescent Valley NV 89821

Animal Liberation Front activist Jonathan Paul is free after spending 158 days in captivity for refusing to testify at a grand jury hearing in Spokane, WA. His lawyer successfully filed a "Grumbles Notion which is a recognition from the court that continued jailing will not make witness talk. May 14th, Judge Nielsen, the same judge that had jailed Jon Paul, imprisoned journalist Rik Scarce, author of "Eco Warriors" for refusing to answer grand jury questions on the sources for his book in which animal and ALF activists were interviewed. Darren Thurston, another ALF activist in prison for 14 1/2 months was released Sept. 3. The judge ordered him to pay over \$70,000 in restitution for damage done to University of Alberta (from which 29 cats were taken) property and a fishing company which had several trucks set on fire. The police obtained information concerning this from an informant Jessica Michelle Charlotte Sandham. ALF spokesperson Rod Coronado is still in hiding due to threats against his life by the FBI and fur industry. He issued a press release on Dec 1st 1992 stating he would surrender in exchange for several universities releasing incarcerated animals and stopping animal research. On October 5, ALF activist Kim Trimiew was jailed on contempt charges for refusing to testify before a grand jury in Spokane, WA. For more information on ALF activities/prisoners write *Earth First!*, PO Box 5176, Missoula, MT 59806 or *ALFSG*, PO Box 75029, Ritchie PO, Edmonton, Alberta, T6E 6K1 Canada.

Amendment 2 For those of you who don't live in Colorado or are otherwise in the dark about this, Amendment 2 is one of the footprints left by Colorado's enormous right wing Christian organizations (largely imported from SoCal of course). The amendment prohibits any new laws being passed which would protect gays and lesbians from discrimination. It was voted in by a majority, proving just what fooled shits the majority of voters are. In the midst of the post passing of 2 turmoil, Chris and I were turned down



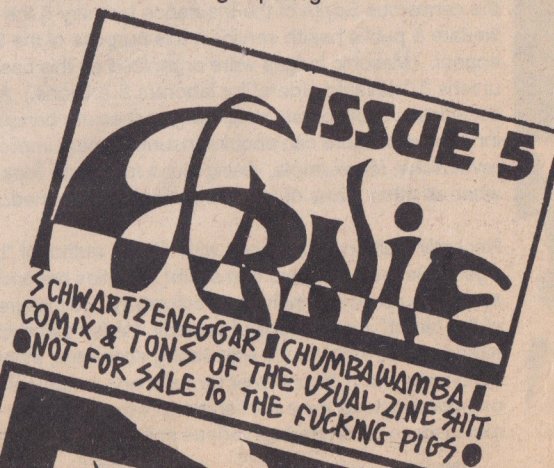
service and showered the congregation with condoms and Kool Aid packets with the message "Remember Jim Jones, Y the Lesbian Avengers".

Control Unit Prison in Florence First Coloradans voted for the repression of gays and lesbians and then the residents of Florence, a small town south of Colorado Springs, chose their town to be host to one of the world's most oppressive and inhumane prisons ever. The prison's 550 bed "administrative maximum" section is built in a way to keep prisoners as isolated and devoid of interaction as possible. The ad-max section is set up for one guard to control the movement of prisoners by way of electronic doors, cameras and audio equipment. No windows. "Recreation" consisting of a 90 minute per day (with the other 22.5 hours locked in their cells) monitored movement to an adjacent cell again with no human contact. The convicts sent to Florence will include a number of political prisoners, in particular members of the Black Liberation Movement and members of the movement for Puerto Rican Independence. For more info get in touch with *Abolish Control Unit Torture*, Rocky Mountain Peace Center PO Box 1156, Boulder CO 80306.

Toons is doing a **zine library** in their new store on N. Nevada across from 7-11. Go and check it out, there are couches to lounge on and some pretty decent books and zines to sift through. If you want to donate a copy of your zine or publication to the zine library, send it straight to them. *Toons* 802 N. Nevada Colorado Springs CO 80903 Press Release from the **Pnation of Pnin**: The Pnation Of Pnin is now, after years of surviving underground both politically and culturally, announcing its sovereign pnationhood officially. We are hereby out of the closet and have laid our chips on the poker table of international affairs and have come into the open to declare officially: The Pnation Of Pnin is now officially at war with the United States of America and all its petty pawns. Despite having little political clout due to our years of underground existence, we have no fear for Eris and Mummu are on our side. This is by no means a matter of imperialism. The United States of America has attacked us repeatedly as a country and as individual citizens. They have threatened, harassed and imprisoned our citizens as well as those of many other sovereign nations and pnations with which we have close affinity. We have chosen to stand against these invasions and retaliate in a manner only we as Pninians are capable of. This is not to be taken lightly, for the lightning of our gods outweighs the tyranny of their order. for the Pnation of Pnin, P. Grinch Warrior Pope of Pnin



Tear Down The Borders- ¡ A Desalambrar! - is a group of anti-authoritarians organized for direct action in defense of immigrants and refugees who are working on a number of projects including a poster project (see the poster inside the November issue of Love and Rage), putting together a pamphlet with the anarchist position on borders and immigration and planning actions for the International Day of Actions Against Immigration Control and Anti-Immigrant Violence on May 9, 1994. *¡ A Desalambrar! Tear Down The Borders!* PO Box 3606, Oakland, CA 94609-0606 **San Francisco Food Not Bombs** has been under severe attack by SF Mayor Frank Jordan's campaign of arrests and harassment. By October 11 over 135 food servers and witnesses had been arrested in connection with Food Not Bombs. These attacks are just a part of a larger war on the homeless named "Quality of Life" operation which includes laws against "aggressive panhandling" to anti-immigration crackdowns to attacks on groups such as FNB serving food to the homeless publicly. Similar operations are going into effect or are being pushed for in Seattle and Denver among other places. Food not Bombs have been holding weekly demonstrations in front of SF city hall at which numerous people were arrested. Contact *Food Not Bombs* at 3145 Geary Suite #12, San Francisco, CA 94110 (415)330-5030 email: resist@igc.apc.org



Informant Jessica Michelle Charlotte Sanham. ALF spokesperson Rod Coronado is still in hiding due to threats against his life by the FBI and fur industry. He issued a press release on Dec 1st 1992 stating he would surrender in exchange for several universities releasing incarcerated animals and stopping animal research. On October 5, ALF activist Kim Trimiew was jailed on contempt charges for refusing to testify before a grand jury in Spokane, WA. For more information on ALF activities/prisoners write *Earth First!*, PO Box 5176, Missoula, MT 59806 or *ALFSG*, PO Box 75029, Ritchie PO, Edmonton, Alberta, T6E 6K1 Canada.

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not right" and something about how that would look. After accusing him for being the bigoted brainwashed pig he is, the landlord tried defending himself, saying he wasn't prejudice, if we had been two women he would have done the same. Very comforting. There's been talk about a clarification amendment which would replace 2 if voted in next election, also much ado about the constitutionality of the amendment. Two very active although quite mainstream and conservative groups working against 2 are *Ground Zero* PO Box 1982 Colorado Springs CO 80901, *Citizen's Project* PO Box 2085 Colorado Springs CO 80901.

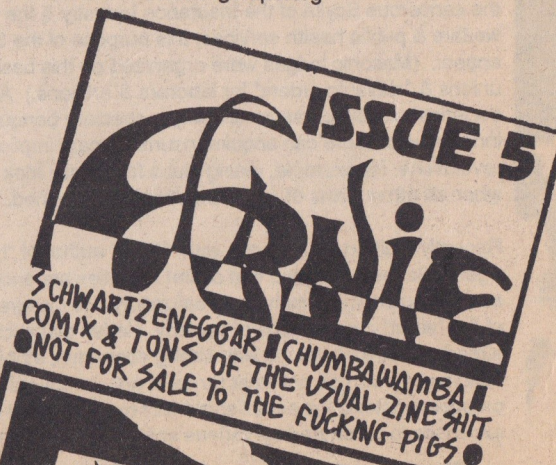
The Lesbian Avengers and a group called *Savaged Homos Into Truth (SHIT)* have been raising somewhat of a rucus recently at churches and Christian right events around town. Recently several dykes snuck into a church



"While there is a lower class I am in it, while there is a criminal element I am of it, while there is a soul in prison I am not free." -Eugene Debs

Books To Prisoners is a nonprofit organization that mails books free on request to inmates nationwide. They need help both in the form of donations of books and money for postage as well as help filling requests and packaging/mailing (that's if you live in Seattle). If you are incarcerated, send requests for books including your complete address and restrictions your prison has on books which you can receive. *Books To Prisoners* c/o Left Bank Books, Box A, 92 Pike Street, Seattle WA 98101

The Prison Library Project is a volunteer based federally recognized non-profit organization. It sends books free of charge out to inmates. Subjects include the world's great spiritual traditions as well as self help books, novels, history and other educational materials. Last year we sent over 20,000 books and are always looking for a diverse ongoing supply. Donations are tax deductible. 976 W. Foothill Blvd. #128, Claremont, CA 91711



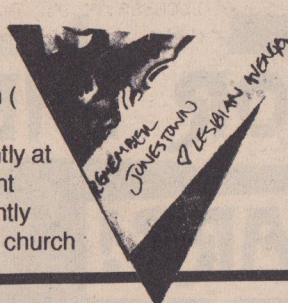
'HARD PUNK' T-SHIRT ■ **BLACK OR WHITE** ■ **XL**

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USA (air)	\$2.00	\$8.00
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ARNIE // 16 PALAIRET CLOSE // BRADFORD-ON-AVON // WILTSHIRE // BA15 1US // U.K.		

ONE day after drinking lots of coffee I wrote this: Here I am sitting in a relatively Yuppie Espresso bar, reading MRR and laughing out loud. The liberal Yuppie fucks all around me are grimacing in that "fuck, that dirty freak makes me hell uncomfortable but I shouldn't make fun of him because he looks poor and might be crazy" sort of way. I realize how crazy this is. I'm sitting in a place alive (dead?) with that Yuppie pretentiousness that turns me into a real asshole to people that I can only make the most vague assumptions about and it doesn't bother me at all. It's nice

not right" and something about how that would look. After accusing him for being the bigoted brainwashed pig he is, the landlord tried defending himself, saying he wasn't prejudice, if we had been two women he would have done the same. Very comforting. There's been talk about a clarification amendment which would replace 2 if voted in next election, also much ado about the constitutionality of the amendment. Two very active although quite mainstream and conservative groups working against 2 are *Ground Zero* PO Box 1982 Colorado Springs CO 80901, *Citizen's Project* PO Box 2085 Colorado Springs CO 80901.

The Lesbian Avengers and a group called *Savaged Homos Into Truth (SHIT)* have been raising somewhat of a rucus recently at churches and Christian right events around town. Recently several dykes snuck into a church



"While there is a lower class I am in it, while there is a criminal element I am of it, while there is a soul in prison I am not free." -Eugene Debs

Books To Prisoners is a nonprofit organization that mails books free on request to inmates nationwide. They need help both in the form of donations of books and money for postage as well as help filling requests and packaging/mailling (that's if you live in Seattle). If you are incarcerated, send requests for books including your complete address and restrictions your prison has on books which you can receive. *Books To Prisoners* c/o Left Bank Books, Box A, 92 Pike Street, Seattle WA 98101

The Prison Library Project is a volunteer based federally recognized non-profit organization. It sends books free of charge out to inmates. Subjects include the world's great spiritual traditions as well as self help books, novels, history and other educational materials. Last year we sent over 20,000 books and are always looking for a diverse ongoing supply. Doantions are tax deductible. 976 W. Foothill Blvd. #128, Claremont, CA 91711

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Why am I laughing out loud? Because I'm not what I'm like no matter what the Yuppies, who hastily jumped out of my way as I headed to take a piss, think I'm like. Because I'm reading Mykel Board's column in MRR and am laughing not because he's talking so much stupid shit, but because I actually agree with him. I'm laughing because he's making a point to diss feminism and I really understand why he's saying what he is. It's so absurd. I'm laughing because I've had a good deal of coffee and feel butterflies in my stomach swimming around in the coffee I just drank. I'm laughing because I consistently make fun of and often outright diss potheads and hippies for having their heads up their asses, but then realize that I get along better with them than I do with the majority of my inebriated, ignorant "punk" friends. Are their accusations correct? Am I really a hippy underneath my skin? I'm writing and as I'm writing, I'm still laughing (a woman across from me is reading a book entitled "You mean I'm not lazy, stupid or crazy?"). I'm still laughing because one of the best shows I've seen all year was 108, the Hare Krishna hardcore band. I'm not mocking myself, I'm celebrating. People I've never met in person, assume from things I write in this zine that they know who I am. I laugh at that. When I meet them and let them down, I laugh. I'm bored and exploding with a coffee induced craze and feel incredible. I sort of feel, like Mykel Board put it so well "Fuck you vs. groovy man" which brings me straight to

Review of Mykel Board's columns in MRR

It's almost the only reason I still read MRR. It's sort of funny to think about it, but he really used to piss me off. He says things like homo and Negro and is viciously anti feminist. It used to eek me and piss me off. Where the hell did he get off saying that shit? Sometimes he writes real dumb shit, not worth the "shock appeal". Why did MRR tolerate him? Then, I slowly realized the reason he pissed me off so much was because he says things that really confronted the things I stood for in a way that's articulate and rude (good qualities). He at times appears racist, sexist and whatever, but not out of ignorance, I think it's out of honesty or at least because some of us are so thickheaded that it's just way too easy to get us foaming at the mouths because of some well worded wise crack. He writes in ways I've seen people get punched for. He writes about sex in ways that most PC people find pretty offensive. Who cares? We all need someone to talk shit to us, so we don't stagnate. boom - I just blew my coffee fuse. Fuck mykel board..

It's been a weird and heavily introspective, internally revolutionary summer for me. I've taken up some new attitudes. Maybe new isn't the right word. I've gotten a better grasp on ideas that have been vague and floating around the back of my head for a long time. I haven't changed my thoughts on specific things as much as solidified ones that weren't so solid before. A main direction I think I've been taking is one that is straying away from accepting myself for my own sake and doing things for their own sake, just because I'm already doing this, I continue, just because this is the way I am, I accept the path I'm on etc.. In a lot of ways I've been exploding with different new ideas (to me at least) and new ways of viewing the way life, society and the world works. They are for the most part far from political ideas although they affect my (non) politics strongly. It's refreshing and invigorating to say the least. But there are negative aspects as well. For instance seeing how absurd and worthless my little corner of the world can appear. I'm saying appear, because it isn't always that way, even though it always is. Different aspects of this counterculture manifest themselves in different ways. I'm in the process of keeping what I love about punk culture, what has made me into what I enjoy and what I thrive off and discarding the dumb shit that I think we could all do without. Not necessarily only the things that are a part of myself and my spirit/personality but also the situations I put myself in and what I surround myself with. I'm changing and growing and hope this will lead me to new and untried paths for long into the future.

"The mandarins draw their power from the law; the people, from the secret societies."
(Chinese saying)

THE TONG

& therefore in the possibility of the marvelous.

So the modern Tong cannot be elitist--but there's no reason it can't be "choosy". Many non-authoritarian organizations have foundered on the dubious principle

Last winter I read a book on the Chinese Tongs ("Primitive Revolutionaries of China:

A Study of Secret Societies in the Late Nineteenth Century", Fei-Ling Davis; Honolulu, 1971-77)--maybe the first ever written by someone who "wasn't" a British Secret Service agent!--(in fact, she was a Chinese socialist who died young--this was her only book)--& for the first time I realized "why" I've always been attracted to the Tong: not just for the romanticism, the elegant decadent chinoiserie decor, as it were--but also for the form, the structure, the very essence of the thing.

Some time later in an excellent interview with William Burroughs in "Homocore" magazine I discovered that he too has become fascinated with Tongs & suggests the form as a perfect mode of organization for queers, particularly in this present era of shitheel moralism & hysteria. I'd agree, & extend the recommendation to "all" marginal groups, especially ones whose jouissance involves illegalism (potheads, sex heretics, insurrectionists) or extreme eccentricity (nudists, pagans, post-avant-garde artists, etc., etc.).

A Tong can perhaps be defined as a mutual benefit society for people with a common interest which is illegal or dangerously marginal--hence, the necessary "secrecy". Many Chinese Tongs revolved around smuggling & tax- evasion, or clandestine self- control of certain trades (in opposition to State control), or insurrectionary political or religious aims (overthrow of the Manchus for example--several tongs collaborated with the Anarchists in the 1911 Revolution).

A common purpose of the tongs was to collect & invest membership dues & initiation fees in insurance funds for the indigent, unemployed, widows & orphans of deceased members, funeral expenses, etc. In an era like ours when the poor are caught between the cancerous Scylla of the Insurance Industry & the fast-evaporating Charybdis of welfare & public health services, this purpose of the Secret Society might well regain its appeal. (Masonic lodges were organized on this basis, as were the early & illegal trade unions & "chivalric orders" for laborers & artisans.) Another universal purpose for such societies was of course conviviality, especially banqueting--but even this apparently innocuous pastime can acquire insurrectionary implications. In the various French revolutions, for example, dining clubs frequently took on the role of radical organizations when all other forms of public meeting were banned.

Recently I talked about tongs with "P.M.," author of "bolo'bolo" (Semiotext(e) Foreign Agents Series). I argued that secret societies are once again a valid possibility for groups seeking autonomy & individual realization. He disagreed, but not (as I expected) because of the "elitist" connotations of secrecy. He felt that such organizational forms work best for already-close-knit groups with strong economic, ethnic/regional, or religious ties--conditions which do not exist (or exist only embryonically) in today's marginal scene. He proposed instead the establishment of multi-purpose neighborhood centers, with expenses to be shared by various special- interest groups & small-entrepreneurial

of open membership, which frequently leads to a preponderance of assholes, yahoos, spoilers, whining neurotics, & police agents. If a Tong is organized around a special interest (especially an illegal or risky or marginal interest) it certainly has the right to compose itself according to the "affinity group" principle. If secrecy means (a) avoiding publicity & (b) vetting possible members, the "secret society" can scarcely be accused of violating anarchist principles. In fact, such societies have a long & honorable history in the anti-authoritarian movement, from Proudhon's dream of re-animating the Holy Vehm as a kind of "People's Justice," to Bakunin's various schemes, to Durutti's "Wanderers." We ought not to allow marxist historians to convince us that such expedients are "primitive" & have therefore been left behind by "History." The absoluteness of "History" is at best a dubious proposition. We are not interested in a return to the primitive, but in a return OF the primitive, inasmuch as the primitive is the "repressed."

In the old days secret societies would appear in times & spaces forbidden by the State, i.e. where & when people are "kept apart" by law. In our times people are usually not kept apart by law but by mediation & alienation (see Part 1, "Immediatism"). Secrecy therefore becomes an avoidance of mediation, while conviviality changes from a secondary to a primary purpose of the "secret society." Simply to meet together face- to-face is already an action against the forces which oppress us by isolation, by loneliness, by the trance of media.

In a society which enforces a schizoid split between Work & Leisure, we have all experienced the trivialization of our "free time," time which is organized neither as work nor as leisure. ("Vacation" once meant "empty" time--now it signifies time which is organized & filled by the industry of leisure.) The "secret" purpose of conviviality in the secret society then becomes the self-structuring & auto-valorization of free time. Most parties are devoted only to loud music & too much booze, not because we enjoy them but because the Empire of Work has imbued us with the feeling that empty time is wasted time. The idea of throwing a party to, say, make a quilt or sing madrigals together, seems hopelessly outdated. But the modern Tong will find it both necessary & enjoyable to

seize
back
free
time
from

the commodity world & devote it to shared creation, to "play".

I know of several societies organized along these lines already, but I'm certainly not going to blow their secrecy by discussing them in print. There are "some" people who do not need fifteen seconds on the Evening News to validate their existence. Of course, the marginal press and radio (the only media in which this sermonette will appear) are practically invisible anyway--certainly still quite opaque to the gaze of Control.

Nevertheless, there's the principle of the thing: secrets should be respected. Not

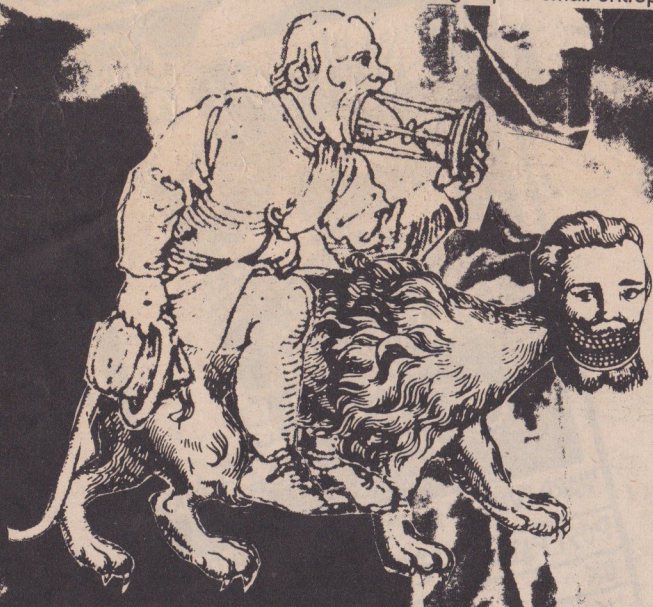
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concerns (craftspeople, coffeehouses, performance spaces, etc.). Such large centers would require official status (State recognition), but would obviously become foci for all sorts of non-official activity--black markets, temporary organization for "protest" or insurrectionary action, uncontrolled "leisure" & unmonitored conviviality, etc.

In response to "P.M.'s critique I have not abandoned but rather modified my concept of what a modern Tong might be. The intensely hierarchical structure of the traditional tong would obviously not work, although some of the forms could be saved & used in the same way titles & honors are used in our "free religions" (or "weird" religions, "joke" religions, anarcho-neo-pagan cults, etc.). Non-hierarchical organization appeals to us, but so too does ritual, incense, the delightful bombast of occult orders--"Tong Aesthetics"

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Nevertheless, there's the principle of the thing: secrets should be respected. Not everyone needs to know everything! What the 20th century lacks most--& needs most--is "tact". We wish to replace democratic epistemology with "dada epistemology" (Feyerabend). Either you're on the bus or you're not on the bus. Some will call this an elitist attitude, but it is not--at least not in the C. Wright Mills sense of the word: that is, a small group which exercises power over non-insiders for its own aggrandizement. Immediatism does not concern itself with power-relations;-- it desires neither to be ruled nor to rule. The contemporary Tong therefore finds no pleasure in the degeneration of institutions into conspiracies. It wants power for its own purposes of mutuality. It is a free association of individuals who have chosen each other as the subjects of the group's generosity, its "expansiveness" (to use a sufi term). If this amounts to some kind of "elitism," then so be it.

If Immediatism begins with groups of friends trying not just to overcome isolation but also to enhance each other's lives, soon it will want to take a more complex shape:-- nuclei of mutually-self-chosen allies, working (playing) to occupy more & more time & space outside all mediated structure & control. Then it will want to become a horizontal network of such autonomous groups--then, a "tendency"--then, a "movement"--& then, a kinetic web of "temporary autonomous zones." At last it will strive to become the kernel of a new society, giving birth to itself within the corrupt shell of the old. For all these purposes the secret society promises to provide a useful framework of protective clandestinity--a cloak of invisibility that will have to be dropped only in the event of some final showdown with

the Babylon of Mediation... 🌿

PREPARE FOR THE TONG WARS!



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The strict traditional rule of secrecy also needs modification. Nowadays anything which evades the idiot gaze of publicity is already "virtually" secret. Most modern people seem unable to believe in the reality of something they never see on television--therefore to escape being televisualized is already to be quasi-invisible. Moreover, that which is "seen" through the mediation of the media becomes somehow unreal, & loses its power (I won't bother to defend this thesis but simply refer the reader to a train of thought which leads from Nietzsche to Benjamin to Bataille to Barthes to Foucault to Baudrillard). By contrast, perhaps that which is "unseen" retains its reality, its rootedness in everyday life

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